

HIT PARADE

JOE PERRY
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CHARLTON 75¢ DECEMBER 1977
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TOO GOOD TO BE BAD

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N.Y. TELEPHONE
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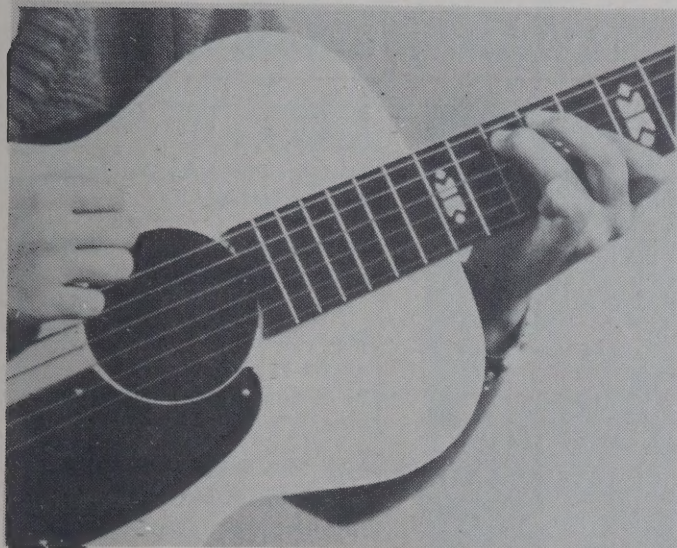


HIT PARADER

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We teach your 10 fingers to make beautiful music



Free booklets reveal the secret of teaching yourself to play the guitar, the piano, or spinet organ—the “right” way.

Many people are content to “fake their way” through the tunes they love. Strumming a few chords or pecking at a few keys. And it’s such a pity.

Your fingers could make beautiful music if you gave them the chance.

They could be playing folk or rock. Classical or pop. Hymns or spirituals. Jazz or ballads. All your favorite songs.

So why miss out on the thrill of making your own music? Give yourself a chance to become as good as you *really* could be! You can teach yourself to play the “right” way — at home — in much less time than you might imagine.

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Thousands of people like you have taught themselves to play with the U.S. School of Music courses. By mail. And you can too.

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It’s really such a marvelous way to learn. In fact, Jeffrey Livingston wrote to tell us, “The course was excellent. I knew almost nothing about playing an instrument before I enrolled.”

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If you’ve ever dreamed of being able to play the piano, the guitar or the spinet organ, why not learn more about our convenient, low-cost way to learn? Mail coupon for free booklet today. With it we’ll include a free “Note-Finder.” There’s no obligation. U.S. School of Music, A Home Study School Since 1898, 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois 60605.



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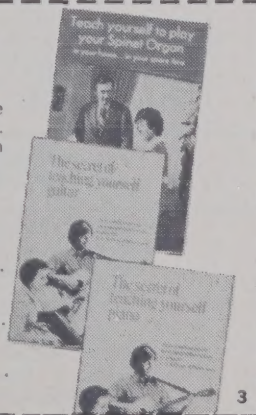
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HIT PARADER



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No. 161
Dec. 1977

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When Foreigner hits a town, they're not strangers for long.

Foreigner took off with a hard-driving and powerfully charged debut album, going straight to the heart of rock 'n' roll. It's no wonder when Foreigner hits a town, you hear about 'em.

"Ever since minimalism became the message, it's become harder and harder to find a rock band who can actually play their instruments. One-in-25 is my professional estimate. A band who can write hooks...is one-in-50. And a band with presence and style—well, at this point, you're a fool to miss out on the action. Which is my subtle way of telling you about Foreigner, a neophyte, cross-cultural six piece group who should find their way onto your turntable at your earliest convenience."

Circus
June 23, 1977
Bruce Malamut

"Foreigner...tight and together, driving along the rockers and tastefully backing the slower numbers...Put these all together and you have a show that leaves the audience screaming for more..."

Chicago Sun-Times
May 16, 1977
Al Rudis

"They have the making of the next supergroup...Foreigner will be one of the groups that rock historians will look back on in time...This should be the first of many album efforts. Rate it A."

New Mexico Daily Lobo
Albuquerque, New Mexico
April 21, 1977
George Gesner

"The seamless mix of English and American rock forms by this six-man group founded by Mick Jones and Ian McDonald has its own self-contained direction. "Feels Like the First Time," which opens this debut lp, is the perfect introduction, but "At War With the World," and "Cold As Ice" speak the same compelling language."

Record World
March 26, 1977

Produced by John Sinclair and Gary Lyons
in collaboration with Mick Jones and Ian McDonald



"Foreigner." A debut album.
Including "Feels Like the First Time," "Cold As Ice," and
"Starrider." On Atlantic Records and Tapes



WE READ YOUR MAIL

Springsteen

Dear Hit Parader,

Being one of Bruce Springsteen's longest and biggest fans, I'd like to know when his fourth album will be released.

I've lived in Bruce's hometown of Asbury Park for years, and watched him grow into one of the best musicians I ever heard. But now, living in Florida, it makes it harder to keep up on him. I was lucky enough though to catch his fantastic show at the Orlando Jai-Alai Fronton in early March, and I do date back to his days of even more memorable shows at the Stone Pony, Asbury Park.

Could you please tell me if Bruce will be touring again in Florida in the near future? I'd love to see him again as soon as possible.

I can only congratulate your excellent magazine for a great interview with the man himself.

Yours truly,
"A" in Daytona Beach

Dear "A", Bruce has no definite touring plans at the moment. He's currently in the studio, recording an lp to be released before the end of the year. (Ed.)

Ramones

Dear Hit Parader,

A few months ago I traveled from New Jersey to New York to see the Ramones play CBGB's. It was sheer magic. I found myself lost in the rock and roll world of Joey, Johnny, Tommy, and Dee Dee. I can't stand when people put down the Ramones, saying their songs are simple and stupid. How can they take them so serious when the Ramones themselves don't take themselves that serious.

Dee Dee Ramone's bass guitar has to be the most incredible pace setting sound in Rock.

They made me laugh, smile, stomp my feet and sing along — the main factor has to be fun!

These guys ain't no punks either! They are just a bunch of guys playing what nobody has ever played before — high energy, brain blasting, gut - splitting, never shaking, ear bombing FUN! And they don't wear no faggy make-up!

RAMONES RULE!!!

After the show I had the privilege to meet the band backstage. They were very nice and seem to have a bond with their audience, unlike other bands I've seen.

I asked Dee Dee what he thought of the Sex Pistols; he replied that when they get to England he will fuck them up — the

Ramones can fuck any band up!! Viva Ramones.

A Rock Fan
Chuck Prapuolenis
Rahway, New Jersey

Dear Hit Parader,

My name is Michael and I am president of the Ramones Fan Club, a small, barely - thriving non-profit organization. (Non-profit is right — at this time we have a meager membership consisting of, it seems a few rock writers & some kids from Piscataway!) We're having the usual share of problems, printing problems etc but it seems our worst problem is our lack of exposure. No one outside the city knows about us.

We really want to get busy, getting to Ramones fans everywhere, and to reach people not familiar with them too. We have lots of activities planned to incite interest in them including some little devilish things to do to some stuck-up radio stations and periodicals around the country who refuse to recognize the Ramones or the demand for them.

So, do you think you could help us by spreading the word? Anything would be really helpful. If you could just mention that there'll be a kit, with official buttons, membership cards, stickers, a newsletter and all the beer you can drink, we would appreciate it so much! I can't promise that we'll be as flamboyant as Methchilde's Iggy Fan Club, but given enough time, exposure and a watering every few days, we can help the boys take over. I keep getting letters saying "RAMONES RULE" but until then, thanks a lot and

Gabba Gabba Hey!
Michael Trese
Ramones Fan Club
Old Chelsea Station
Box 269
New York, New York 10011

Kiss

Dear Hit Parader,

In the Summer - Fall edition of the 1977 Hit Parader Yearbook there was an article and photos of Gene Simmons personal jewelry. Under two pictures of his bracelets you stated that the spider embedded in the plastic was a tarantula, and under another picture of his belt you said that the spider is a black widow. Well, it's obvious you have the two spiders confused. Since I'm crazy about Gene's jewelry and I know how he feels

about arachnids I think you owe him an apology.

G.S. Fan
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear G.S. Fan,

It wasn't obvious to us. Apologies to Gene and the spiders. (Ed.)

Dear Hit Parader,

After I heard that Peter Criss of KISS was married, I was a little upset. But now I heard that ACE was married, but he was hiding it from the public. I'm REALLY upset. Now only PAUL and GENE are left. Not that they are bad looking, not bad looking at all! But ... Is it true about ACE or is it just a rumor? All my friends and I want to know!

Love, all mixed up,
Libbey LaPorte
Miramar, Florida

Dear Libbey,

Ace has been married for about a year to Jeanette. (Ed.)

Aerosmith

Dear Hit Parader,

Do you know where to write Aerosmith? I've written them 4 times at the address on the back of the album and they send it back stamped "Return to sender — address unknown."

If that ain't where you write 'em, where the hell do ya???

Sincerely,
Liz Hamilton
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Liz,

Mail can be sent to Aerosmith at: A. Wherehouse, 55 Pond Street, Waltham, Mass. 02154. (Ed.)

Etc...

Dear Hit Parader,

Thanks to Hit Parader and Jim Girard for the interview with Brian Wilson (issue #158 — Sept. '77). It's always enjoyable to read anything concerning the Beach Boys. More the better!!!

However, the article was incomplete. On page 38, it states, "Brian was chipper and alert during our interview, but didn't offer too many" ... For the record, would you please provide the rest of the missing statement.

Many thanks,
Tom Bryant
Pacifica, California

Dear Tom,

The sentence should have read — "Brian was chipper and alert during our interview, but didn't offer too many answers to the questions he was asked." (Ed.) □

DERRINGER

LIVE



"LET ME IN," "TEENAGE LOVE AFFAIR," "SAILOR,"
"BEYOND THE UNIVERSE," "SITTIN' BY THE POOL," "UNCOMPLICATED,"
"STILL ALIVE AND WELL," "ROCK AND ROLL, HOOCHIE KOO."

CONCERT AUDIENCES ALREADY KNOW.

IT'S THE BEST DERRINGER YET.

DERRINGER "LIVE." ON BLUE SKY RECORDS AND TAPES.



Produced by Rick Derringer

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"If I was bored,
I would be gone.
You wouldn't see
me sitting here."



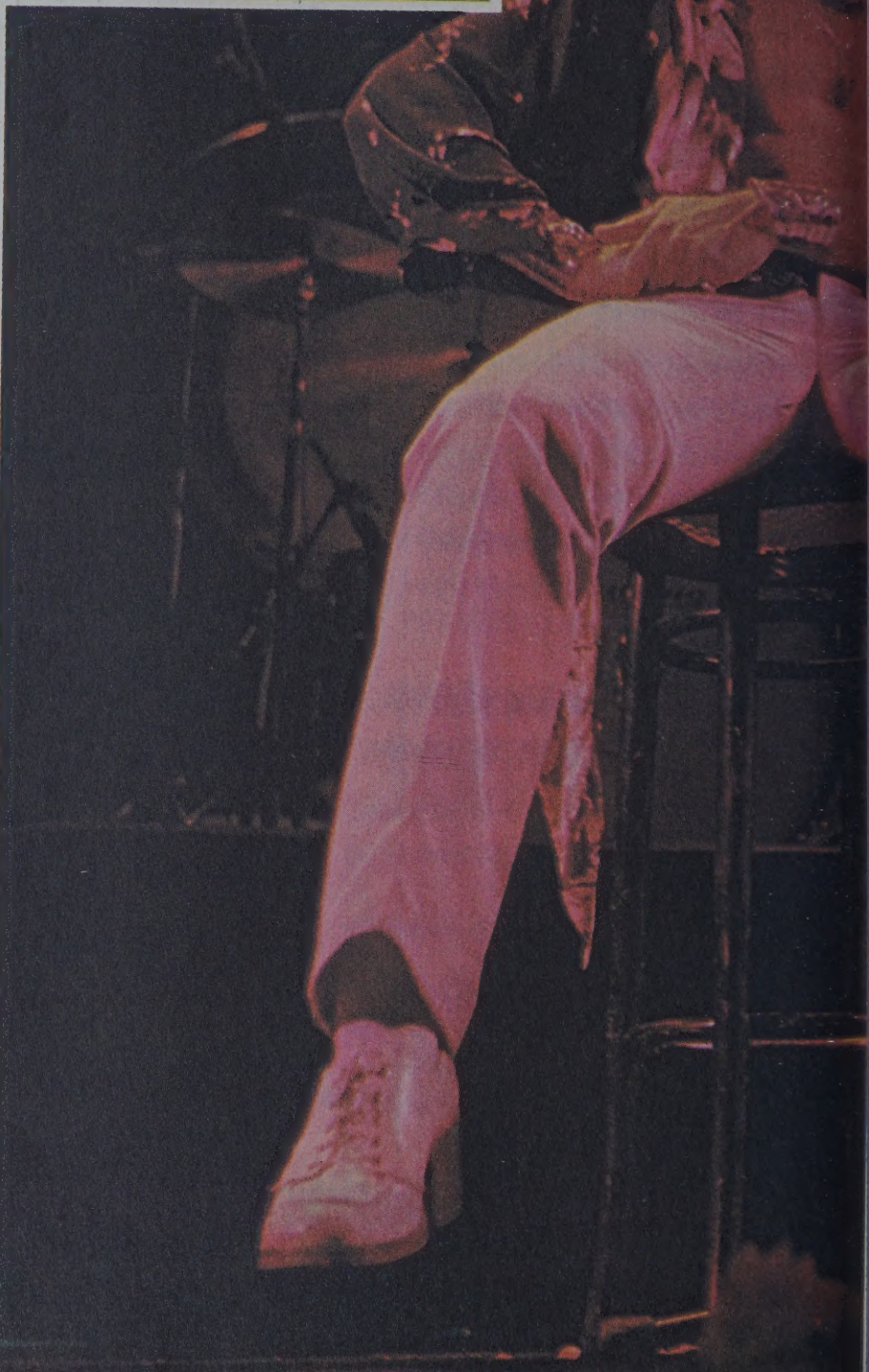
"Every band ought to end with 'Stairway To Heaven'" ON THE ROAD WITH ZEP

Part 2

by Lisa Robinson


Driving in what seemed like a block-long limousine to the first of Led Zeppelin's six sold-out shows at L.A.'s Forum, lead singer Robert Plant was in one of his twinkly good moods.

With one more week to go on this leg of their U.S. tour (followed by a break and then 11 huge outdoor summer dates), Robert reflected on how it's been for him so far.



"The acoustic set is great, because it lets us get through with a warm, cordial approach, rather than a purely metallic approach..."





"I thrive on perpetual motion. A new town, another time, another watch..."

"Because we hadn't played in two years, at the beginning of the tour I had to see how much I could do, if I could be the standard - bearer that I had been in the past. Once the initial shows were over, and once I had come to terms with the enormity of it, it's been the most enjoyable tour in years and years for me."

Ever bored? "Certainly not. You don't see me blue very often. If I was bored, I would be gone. I wouldn't be sitting here."

This tour has had its little differences, like bringing families along. "Well, we only did for one weekend really, Tampa had the first New York gig. Normally we don't have enough time to devote to our families on the road. It's not the kind of lifestyle that lends itself to taking them with us all the time."

Onstage, the major new thing has been the inclusion of an acoustic set (Zep hasn't done that in ten years) which has been a highlight of their three-hour show, and a decision to end the evening with Zep's classic, "Stairway to Heaven."

Zeppelin manager Peter Grant offered, "I thought 'Stairway' was one of the greatest things they had ever done, just one of the most instant things I'd ever heard. All bands usually finish shows with uptempo numbers, but this was something a little different."

"We came to the conclusion," adds Robert, "that if we were going to continue our long life of success, we didn't want to be doing things the usual — 'this is the way it's done' — type things. And conceptually, 'Stairway' was the obvious thing to end with. In fact, every band ought to end with 'Stairway to Heaven.'"

"The acoustic set was a unanimous group decision that Jimmy and I made."

As to the acoustic set, "It was a unanimous group decision that Jimmy and I made," he laughed. Is that how they're all made? "No, sometimes Jimmy makes them on his own," he said straight-faced.

"That acoustic set has been great for us," he added, "because it lets us get through with a warm cordial approach, rather than the metallic approach. It opens a little door that the audience doesn't know that they've got."

"Also," adds Grant, "it gives the band a chance to sit down for 16 or 17 minutes during the show. Just a little fringe benefit..."

In New York and L.A. Zeppelin did week-long shows at Madison Square Garden and the Forum, something they've resisted in the past. "The nights at the Garden turned out to be more exhilarating than I expected," said Robert. "But to be quite honest, I don't really like to keep returning to the same place. I thrive on perpetual motion... a new town, another time, another watch..."

Robert says Led Zeppelin has no master plan for the future. "In five years? Who knows where we'll be tomorrow. There's a solidarity with us that is beyond compare. I know it sounds old hat because I've said it before, but we do have a special kind of solidarity considering that we are such different folk and we don't see each other that often."

"How long can it go on? Well look at Sinatra. He came to terms with the times and we can too without dropping a stitch. I don't think I'm the same visually as I was ten years ago because I've learned to be a little more sedate, a little more self-respecting. There's a little more finesse involved in the way I project myself."

"Even the critics have noticed that I'm singing better now than ever before," Robert adds. "I don't seem to be reading any of that 'caterwauling' stuff about myself. I know I've always been brilliant, but in all honesty I think I'm better now."



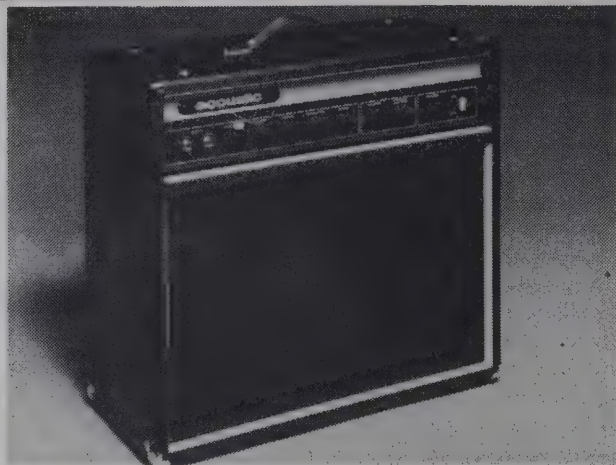
"We didn't want to be doing things in the usual - 'this is the way it's done' - type thing..."

"I find that I don't really concentrate too much on the way I move, but I do tend to think more about the way I'm putting over a song. I thought about that in the past but I was busy coming to terms with the position I suddenly found myself in. Now I'm more relaxed."

So far, have there been any bad shows on this tour?

"Not onstage," Robert smiled. □

ELECTRIC NEWS



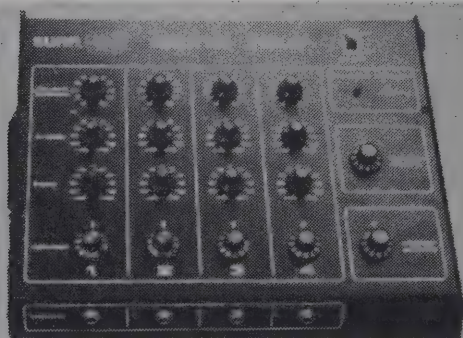
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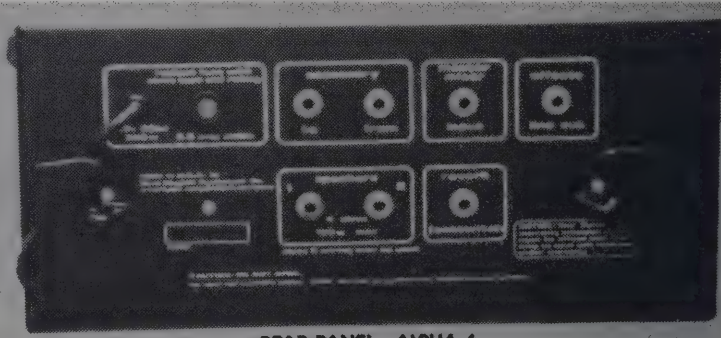
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RHODES MODIFIES SUITCASE PIANO

In order to make the instrument still more versatile, yet easier to service, Rhodes Keyboard Instruments has refined and upgraded all Suitcase Piano models.

Function controls are separated for easier, quicker operation. Treble and bass controls are now convenient horizontal slide-type in over-under mounting.

The stereo vibrato section of the panel has separate controls for intensity and speed, with the addition of a pilot light that pulses in time with vibrato.

For quicker, easier service to the power amplifier, the chassis has been redesigned for slide-in-slide-out accessibility from the side of the case.

The stereo amp itself is more powerful, now putting out 50 watts per channel, 100 watts RMS total, to new specially designed integrally mounted 12" speakers.

Additional jacks have also been provided for pre-amp output and power amp input, a separate set for each channel.

In addition to stereo patching capabilities, the new Rhodes can be used with bi-phasers, mixers and synthesizers.

Both 73 and 88-note versions of the Rhodes suitcase now include the up-dated modifications. The instrument packs into two-self-enclosed units — amp and speakers in one case, keyboard in the other — both cases ruggedly constructed for hard, on-the-road, travelling.

For more information, write:

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Electro-Harmonix introduces Hotfoot, the pedal control that lets you do with your foot what you used to have to do with your hands. While your hands are busy playing, your foot is free to vary the parameters: phasing depth or speed, sustain, distortion, echo or delay effects... anything you once had to turn by hand — even if it's made by other manufacturers.

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HOT FOOT



electro-harmonix

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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE



They had to trade one boat for another because the first captain was uptight about the rock and roll lifestyle.

After recording on a boat in the Virgin Islands (where they had to trade one boat for another because the first captain was uptight about the rock and roll lifestyle), Paul and Linda McCartney returned to England.

On their flight to England, the Macs chatted with Ramones manager Danny Fields, who answered Linda's daughter Heather's (a big punk rock fan) questions about the Ramones, Sex Pistols and the Damned.

Incidentally, Paul McCartney has not seen "Beatlemania" (how could he sit in the audience?) but he has expressed interest in seeing a videotape of the Broadway show.

(The McCartneys are no strangers to Broadway: MPL Communications — which publishes and produces all of the McCartney products — owns the publishing rights to Broadway's "Annie," which may turn out to be the biggest show since "Hair.")

Although rumors are rampant about who Wings will sign a forthcoming record deal with, no negotiations have been confirmed. CBS Records' President Walter Yetnikoff, when asked if he's talked to McCartney about a deal, said: "Would we like to have Paul McCartney? Yes, obviously we'd be delighted. Have I told his people we're interested in negotiating? Yes, I have. Have we actually sat down to discuss a deal? No, we have not as yet."

What CBS will release is the Suzy and the Redstripes LP (which the whole world knows is Linda McCartney singing) on Epic Records. "Suzy" currently has a hit with a song recorded years ago called "Seaside Woman" (the other side of the single is "B Side To Seaside").



Left-to-right: Phil Ehart, Robby Steinhardt, Kerry Livgren, Rich Williams, Steve Walsh, and Dave Hope.

Spreading their explosive, progressive rock style throughout the country for the past five years, Kansas have established themselves as a major rock group. Their latest LP, *Leftoverture*, their 4th on the Kirshner label, earned them their first gold record and "Carry On Wayward Son" is their first top ten hit.



"It was hard for me to imagine a more exciting group than the original White Trash, but look out — we're here to stay."

Big news is that, in order to recapture the pleasure and excitement he had with the original group, Edgar Winter has reformed Edgar Winter's White Trash.

Considered one of the hottest live acts in the business, White Trash had a brief but brilliant career (their LP *Roadwork* was gold) in 1970-1971 with their white R&B horn/rock sound.

After the 1976 summer concerts with brother Johnny, Edgar has been off the road for a year, busy writing songs, getting his new Connecticut home together, and deciding what to do next. This is it, and White Trash now consists of:

Edgar Winter, vocals, keyboards and sax; Jerry La Croix, vocals and sax; John Smith, vocals and sax; Marshall Cyr, trumpet and vocals; Floyd "Jack of Hearts" Radford, guitar; Don Munatre, guitar; Robert "California" Arnold, bass; and George Recile, drums.

The difference in this "new" White Trash?

"We've got the same authentic White Trash horn sound, with the additional strength of four-part vocal harmonies and double sixgun guitar action," Edgar said enthusiastically when reached by phone in Modesto, California where the band has been rehearsing.

"Jerry's singing better than ever, John is still the hottest sax player around, and Floyd has really matured into an accomplished guitarist.

"As for George (the 22-year-old drummer from Louisiana) he's hot, he really drives the band where we want to go.

"It was hard for me to imagine a more exciting group than the original White Trash, but look out — we're here to stay."

Edgar Winter's White Trash recorded an album at the end of June, scheduled for release on Blue Sky Records by October. There are no plans for a tour until the fall, although appreciative audiences (including Jerry Garcia and Steve Miller who stopped by) have had the chance to see the band perform some surprise gigs in the California area.



Some members of the audience actually had to be dragged out after fainting — just like the Bay City Rollers.

The Ramones sold out two nights at London's Roundhouse, right in the midst of the Queen's Silver Jubilee. It was the first time the 1,800 seat hall was sold out two nights in a row, and some members of the audience actually had to be dragged out after fainting — just like the Bay City Rollers.

The Ramones were riding high in England with their hit, "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker," which was released by Sire Records here.

The day the band returned from their exhausting two-month European tour, they went right into CBGB's for three-sold-out nights.

At three o'clock in the afternoon on June 1, Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band walked into New York's Atlantic Studios and began to record their fourth LP.

For most musicians, recording albums is part of the job. But for Bruce, this marks the end of a 10-month legal battle with his former manager Mike Appel.

The dispute was amicably settled out of court, with Columbia Records negotiating a new, long-term recording contract with Springsteen and a production deal with Appel. The amount of money Bruce received remains a secret, but it is said to be "substantial" and "in line with what you would think Bruce Springsteen is entitled to."

Columbia, who fully expects Bruce's next album to sell well over two million copies, now has Bruce under contract for eight more LPs, which will probably include five studio albums, two live LPs and one "Greatest Hits."

Bruce is elated to be back in the studio with producer Jon Landau. Atlantic Studios was chosen because they're hoping to get a more faithful "live" sound.

Bruce's last LP — *Born To Run* — took an inordinate amount of time to record, but this time he's "ready," and has all the songs written. So, everyone is hoping that he'll be finished by the end of September, with the album in the stores in time for the Christmas rush.



"Born To Run" took an inordinate amount of time to record, but this time he's "ready," and has all the songs written.

CT•SPINADDICT•SPINADDICT

by
JAMES
SPINA

If you really want to keep in touch with what I've been listening to this month you'll have to get involved with the record import scene. As you should know by now there is a big noise happening in England at this very moment. Pick whatever label you like, Punk Rock or New Wave, but whatever you do TRY IT! The guts of rock and roll is on the stake once again and the masses are ready to burn. Just the other night I was watching a documentary on the new scene. It so happens that I turned on the TV in the middle of a party and proceeded to alienate almost the whole room with my enthusiasm for the obnoxiousness and boldness being exhibited on the screen. Pop music is in revolt once again and the music is almost sure to raise havoc with anyone thoroughly tied to the safe sounds of the last five years.

People are always asking if Rock is here to stay. That is just the point. Rock never likes staying in one house too long. It breeds on sentiments of frustration, rejection and contempt. That mystique defies frameworks and friendliness. Instead it constantly looms at the threshold of humanity and begs for cultural rejection. Riding all the new crest of each new wave takes a keen openness coupled to a strict taste for the absurd and the unbearable. Be ready to lose some friends but be assured ... listening and accepting the following sounds will be your gain.

As I write this Johnny Rotten and the Sex Pistols have scored a Number One single, "God Save The Queen", that is banned from radio airplay in England. The disc has punched a huge credibility gap in the Jubilee fuss.

The Pistols' "Queen" is truly a potential H-Bomb. It is the most important single to be released since "Satisfaction"; a slab of outrageous minimizing that is powerful in punch and perplexing in pulse. Its clarion chorus of "No future, no future, no future" destructs with an indelibility unknown to common moral man. Rotten has a swagger for rollin' his "r"s that leaves scars in the music's blunt rhythms. This band is disgusted with everything including the "hippy record people" that finally got their sound on vinyl (Virgin). The picture sleeve depicts a picture of

the Queen with kidnap-note lettering gashed across her face. Ransom this record at any cost.

Though The Pistols are certainly the best, they are not alone. I might mention that they have already expressed boredom and outright hate for all the rest of the groups I am about to mention but that shouldn't stop you from further investigation.



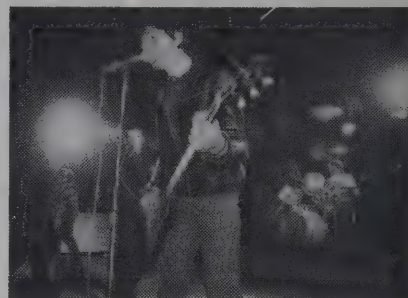
Bob Gruen

Just to prove that all these new bands don't sound alike let's get right to The Stranglers. "THE STRANGLERS IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS" is the first album by a new wave band to break into the British charts in a big way. Some people are comparing them to the early Doors mostly because of the archaic organ runs and a lead singer that borrows heavily from the lush lizard school of gravel gratification. The music is a tricky journey through the madness of psychopathic drainage routes. Where else would you expect an aging bunch of street rats to spend their time? When the band chronicles a tale about "Walking on the beaches looking at the peaches" you don't come away with some healthy picture of sun, sex and surf. This beach is clammy, claustrophobic and chock full of sexist sludge. The group pictures go a long way towards proving that age has nothing to do with Rock's latest injection. These guys look like leftovers from a Kenneth Anger parody of West Side Story. UGLY. On imported UA records and tapes.

The Damned hold the dubious honor of being the first new-wave brits to tour in the states. They played what I've been told was a terrible gig at CBGBs some months ago. My source, Eddie, is English by birthright and soundright but he felt that the band was nowhere near as competent or powerful as our American punk counterparts. He was equally turned off by the studied Dracula posing of Dave Vanian. He did say however that Rat Scabies is as raunchy on drums as his name would imply. Seeing the band on that previously mentioned TV special I would agree completely with Ed except for the fact that the group's first album, *Damned* (Stiff) rocks like hell.

Their sound is a terminal buzz of agro half-licks and nuclear invasion drumming. The delivery is more Americanized than that of The Pistols and Vanian has none of Rotten's sickly charm but I like all of it in spite of these criticisms. Nothing really deep here but

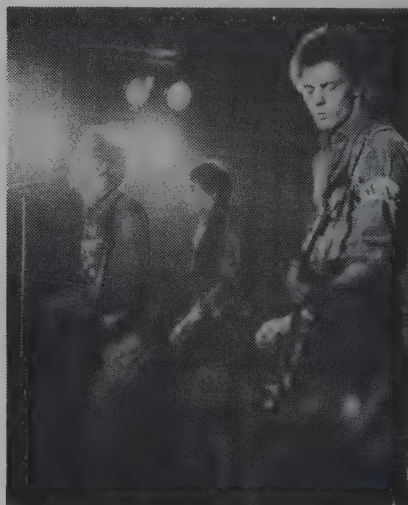
that's not what we came for and the second we start confusing this stuff with 'art' is the same moment we should break out for a funeral wreath. I must add that The Damned do a commendable cover of The Stooges' "I Feel Alright" that makes the new version of The Dictators' "Search And Destroy" sound academic by comparison.



Stevenson

The Damned

Still on the subject, *The Clash* (CBS import) have made a record that easily compares in power to early efforts by The Who, The Stones and The Kinks. They seem quite politically oriented, constantly toying with monosyllabic thoughts about Riots, Parliament, Wars, and assorted related repressives. Their electricity doesn't drone so much as strum and I guess that fits since the name of one of their guitarists is Joe Strummer. Amazingly enough one of their best qualities is being able to pick out every single sound on the disc (and dare I add being able to master those same sounds in a few hours if you cared to). Once again, no real character compared to Rotten but don't pass it up.



Stevenson

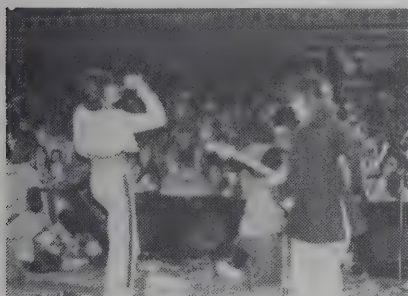
The Clash

This whole British import sojourn wouldn't be complete without plugging a new single also available on import by one of the first punks, Johnny Thunders. His band, The Heartbreakers is currently residing in successful exile in Britian and their new single on Track, "Chinese Rocks / Born To Lose" has five times the guts and ten times the power of anything ever released by Johnny's old cronies, The Dolls. Thunders is KING of the one note guitar break and both songs reek with that vicious abandonment Johnny

always made sure was a vital ingredient of The Dolls' mystique. I'm sure this disc was poorly produced on purpose. It swings out of time and devoid of place like no music in recent memory. I'm almost not worried about Keith getting locked up every time I play "Chinese Rock".

Now if you want to get involved with any of this import stuff I strongly suggest you get in touch with the People at Jem Imported Record Service (Box 343, South Plainfield, N.J. 07080). Their service is prompt, friendly and highly efficient. They fill the imported bins of most record shops anyway so you might as well go right to the source yourself and save some time.

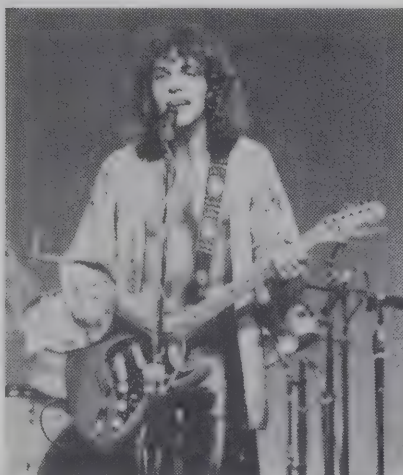
KISS "LOVE GUN" (CASABLANCA) Truth time: I knew these guys way back when! That's right, I actually knew Kiss long before they became one of the most popular music groups in the business. Back in the days when I was earning cash by running copy for WWD and working part time in a record store in Queens, Kiss was scratchin' out a living by throwing parties in a run-down practice loft. At one point I even used one of the xerox machines at work to run off some announcements for an upcoming loft party being sponsored by Kiss and The Brats. At that time I thought The Brats were a far superior band but I still got off on Kiss' visual and audio attack. I can truthfully tell you that all of that makeup and stage action was conceived by the band members themselves and not some overbearing and commercially oriented management team. Excepting the one Ezrin - produced LP, I've always had a special place in my heart for the band. I never thought they were going to make it and still believe that their success resides not so much in any sort of originality as in a determination to exaggerate and obviate the grossest trends of shock and drool.



"Love Gun" is nothing more or less than a bunch of "love as lust" songs dressed up to kill in highly derivative yet enjoyable riffs and rally cry vocals. I don't read comic books anymore but that doesn't mean I can't pick up one every once in a while and get off on it. The same goes for Kiss. They are not part of my main diet but whenever I listen to something they've done, I can't help but appreciate their crafty ways. Besides, I knew them way back when ... Now if only they would lay some of their wealth on all the rest of all those struggl-

ing New York bands that would be something. Come on Paul, Give The Brats a break.

PETER FRAMPTON "I'M IN YOU" (A&M) Now here is someone I didn't know but certainly appreciated way back when. I'm sorry to say that Peter "Force-it" Frampton has SOLD OUT. It would be too kind to say that this record was merely a holding pattern on the kind of music he once made. Frampton no longer has a way with words. He constantly exploits that "voice-box" gizmo. His cover of "Road Runner" must have made Steve Marriott crack up in confidence. I don't even know why I am wasting so many words on someone who obviously threw together an album saturated in sickening commerciality. I'm sure it will sell a million but I'd rather get hate mail than have to listen to this drivel. The worst part about it is that deep down I know (and Frampton knows) what he could really be.



NAZARETH "HOT TRACKS" (A&M) Some greatest hits by one of the best rockironroll bands in the business. Fans will want it especially for the inclusion of Tomorrow's "My White Bicycle". This surge of new sounds coming out of England is going to lay away a good many heavy metal groups. Nazareth certainly don't deserve that fate.

TED NUGENT "CAT SCRATCH FEVER" (EPIC) I've said it before and I'll say it again ... this dude could be shamed in countless garages across the face of Queens. I'm even starting to wonder about which is worse ... Disco or Nugent? Even Mahogany Rush is better than this amplified analactics.

THE DICTATORS "MANIFEST DESTINY" (ELEKTRA) Most critics love them. That's because most critics are personal friends with the producers and people involved. The cover looks like something rejected from a Blue Oyster Cult photo session. Manitoba poses as poorly as he punches. Their first album deserved the fate of having sold less than six thousand copies. This one should only do half as well. This

review might just keep me from ever being part of the rock - writers - establishment. Thank God.

TANGERINE DREAM "SORCERER" (MCA) This ranks right up there with my other favorite motion picture soundtracks (Taxi Driver / More / The Good, The Bad and The Ugly) and has prompted me to take a closer look at one of the best fusion / fusion groups on the scene.

BAY CITY ROLLERS "IT'S A GAME" (ARTISTA) Johnny Rotten is probably going to scar my face for this but I just can't help loving The Rollers. Though this record isn't quite as strong as "Dedication" I still find myself intrapped by their careful blend of pop mushiness and boyish rollicking. The Rollers' adept use of strings and horns easily recalls recent successful attempts by The Bee Gees in that same area. But where The Gibbs quiver, The Rollers bubble. Newest strength in the band is an increased aggressiveness to the guitar parts by Eric and Woody. The runaway lead line in their awesome remake of Bowie's "Rebel Rebel" snarls circles around Mick Ronson.

I really should justify some things here. The Rollers have been part of an extensive hype campaign in the past. That overkill might affect me if there was no musical identity to back it up. Such is not the case. I have seen the band live and can report that the tales of massive fan adulation are not exaggerated. The balcony of New York's Palladium came perilously close to caving down on the orchestra pit, so intense was the mania scene. And the band ROCKED THEM DEAD. They can blaze away with the best of them and when it comes to putting together studio efforts that scream with commercial potential, why should they be downgraded as pop-offs? We could argue for days about their get-ups, but I still find that much less pretentious than the tarnished studs and soggy leathers of groups like The Dictators.



We've run out of space and I never got to tell you that Roy Buchanan finally decided to cop Jeff Beck's style and put out a decent album, *Loading Zone*. Need I harp on the fact that American Flyer's "Spirit of a Woman" is a dreadful waste of Craige Fuller's talents and the perfect setting for Steve Katz flats.

And what about Neil Young's "AMERICANSTARS AND BARS" (WB)? Why don't you tell me and I'll print the best review. □

BAD COMPANY'S THOUGHTS ON THE ROAD

by Russell Shaw



Offstage, they are calm, pensive individuals who maintain a balanced perspective. No distorted sense of egomania here...

Mick Ralphs, Simon Kirke, Boz Burrell and Paul Rodgers have set many 15,000-seat arenas ablaze with their tight, structured harmonies and the many musical chances they take within their format. Yet offstage, the quartet is, to a man, calm, pensive individuals who maintain a balanced perspective in regards to their success and careers. No distorted sense of egomania here.

Bad Company fans should be fluently familiar with the backgrounds of the group; drummer Kirke and lead singer Paul Rodgers came from Free; Mick Ralphs served his apprenticeship in Mott; bass player Boz Burrell is a veteran of the British studio scene. This scene, it should be added, has produced many musicians who have attempted to break loose of its sometimes rigid demands and join a more creative habitat; from Eric Clapton all the way down to Brand X, this route has been pursued with varying degrees of success.

Now that Boz is not a salaried studio employee playing licks for hire, but a member of one of the top groups in the world, how does he approach his music? A recent chat with Boz, several reporters,

and hangers-on should shed some light on the subject.

"We rehearse as any other band would," said the technically proficient Boz, implying that desired perfection has not quite yet been reached. "We're very lucky that most of what we've tried, both on record and in performance, has worked. Every effort is a group effort, and although we may not write the material together, we all consult on it, trying to improve on it as we go along."

The tightly-rehearsed standard that Bad Company has honed is quite obvious, as the vocal and rhythmic cadences are quite precise, yet with that raw guttural edge that is the essence of professionally played rock and roll. Fans will remember that first Bad Company album, appropriately entitled *Bad Company*, an initial release so strong it earned the band superstardom right out of the box. On the other hand, many other stars like Frampton, Kiss and Aerosmith, while never hurting for recognition, did not find their peak of popularity until they had several records under their belts.

Helping the spectre of immediate

recognition was "Can't Get Enough Of Your Love," the group's biggest single to date. Indeed as Mick Ralphs told an interviewer recently, "we had been rehearsing for a long time, playing these songs in gigs. It was easy for us to record them; we knew them backwards and forward."

Three more albums have come out from the band; *Straight Shooter*, *Run with The Pack*, and *Burning Sky*. All these records have earned high positions on the charts; yet for Company and particularly for Boz, the road is still the ultimate test. As he says, "our tightness is no accident. The first few days of a tour, especially, are like a gear shift. We start in the lowest gear, feeling out our strengths and weaknesses. As we go on, we shift into the next gear and the next until we're completely in tune with what we want to give an audience. Not that we give them any less, it just gets better as we go on."

With such a rigorous tour schedule, how does the band fight boredom? Very easily, because in their philosophy of live performance, boredom is never a factor. "Each set," Boz reveals, "is structured, a

different set every night, a different order of the songs. Ever night is new because every audience is new. That is a definite challenge for us."

With such a demanding schedule and disciplined musical environment, what does Boz do for creativity? Of course, he has the chops to play almost any kind of music; jazz-like riffs have been heard from this Fender bender. Yet while at home, near London, he is not your rock star recluse; he likes to get out and jam with compatible people in clubs. One band, a local pub ensemble known as Hinckley's Heroes, have received notice in the British press; they are a pickup band of somewhat rotating membership where off-the-road players plug in their amps and sit in for a set, a night, even a

week sometimes. Kind of like being on a busman's holiday, that bunch reminds Boz that music should, and can, be fun.

A non-hedonistic but sociable type, Boz debated for a while whether to leave his native Britain, and move to the States. He ultimately opted to live where his roots were, but waived for awhile. The problem, as is with most British rock stars, was and is the oppressive tax structure. The more you earn, the more you pay.

"You see, the tax structure in England is such that it makes it difficult for a performer. When we work in England and live there the required number of days, only 63, we must pay 93 percent of our earnings to the government. Many per-

formers have to desert the country as a result. I bought a new home in 1975 but I had to leave the country for awhile to avoid paying taxes. Funny, when I wasn't working, I never asked the government for any money. Now that I'm making some, they want it all."

Of course, the root of the problem is money, a blessing which wouldn't be theirs if they hadn't immediately hit, and barraged the radios and concert halls of the world with a three-year procession of uncompromising rock-out singles and albums. As long as Bad Company keeps up their standard of excellence, the British Exchequer, plus their own bank accounts, will reflect the positive aspects of financial well-being. □



"We're very lucky that most of what we've tried, both on record and in performance, has worked."



NEW YORK TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

Part 2

(What follows is Part II of "New York Telephone Conversation" — a discussion between Lou Reed and Lisa Robinson that took place late 1976 at the time of the release of Lou's "Rock & Roll Heart" LP.)

"I think the size of the hall and some of the places we've played eliminated the bestial creatures of the night who want to come and witness some kind of debauchery."



Lisa: Where do you think that the music you're making now fits in relation to what you've been doing?

Lou: It's better than anything I've ever done before — bar none.

Lisa: Do you think that it's better than anything that's happening now?

Lou: Oh—ah...

Lisa: You always thought that about what you've done, haven't you?

Lou: With the Velvets...

Lisa: With the Velvets — not what you've done on your own?

Lou: No.

Lisa: Well, what do you think went wrong?

Lou: I didn't care.

Lisa: Well, you cared at the time, didn't you? I mean when you went into the studio to do each individual album...

Lou: No, I slept through most of them.

Lisa: How did not recording for two years, with all your legal hassles, affect your art?

Lou: Well, I wouldn't call it art.

Lisa: What would you call it?

Lou: It affected my desire to do anything.

Lisa: But you still did albums.

Lou: Yeah — up to a point. I mean, I don't need collaborators. I can do me better than anybody can do me.

Lisa: How do you feel about 'Coney Island Baby'?

Lou: It was exactly what I wanted to put out at the time. It was very laid back, it was quiet and it didn't make any noises about things. It was more accessible than 'Metal Machine Music.' That record, which they took off the market, sold 100,000 copies before they got it off. It's like Andy's Campbell's Soup Can — the idea was enough. 'Metal Machine Music' is going for \$30.00 each now and it really did what it was supposed to do. It drew the line with RCA. In other words, me — the poet of gold, was being flushed down the toilet. They said 'look what it just did and what are we going to do; we best abandon ship at this point, it's out of control.' Let's see what we can get out of it before it disintegrates. So that's why 'Coney Island Baby' had to be so antithetical.

Lisa: Right. But you felt 'Metal Machine Music' was the best thing you had done up to that point?

Lou: Yeah. I mean that album had no reason for existing other than the fact that I really liked making it. As for 'Coney Island Baby', it has songs that are up there with the best I've ever done. I think better.

Lisa: It has songs up there like 'Sweet Jane'?

Lou: Well, that's when I was playing for real.

Lisa: Did you know when you were writing them that they were great songs?

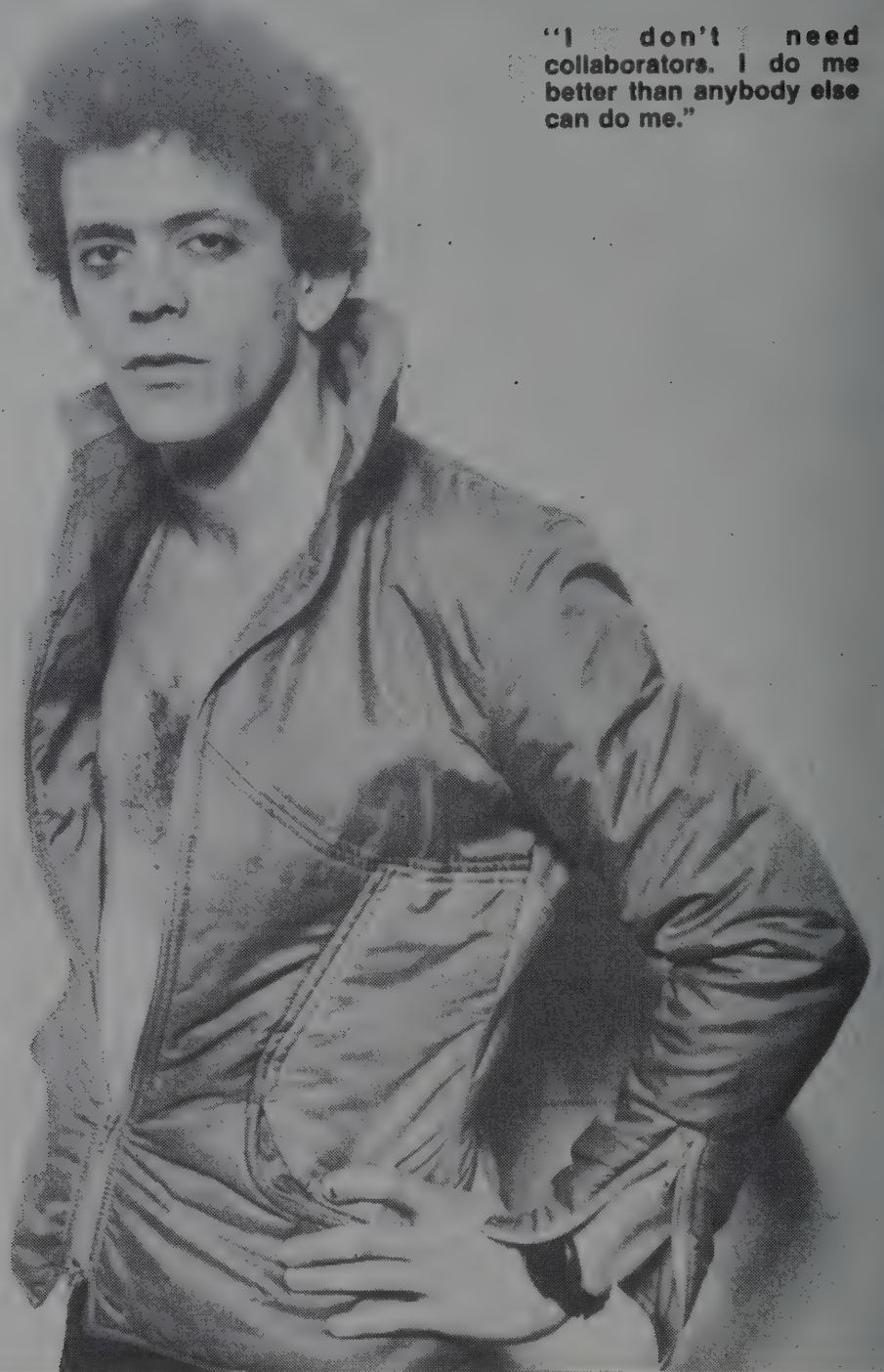
Lou: No, but I didn't know it about these either until I listened back to them. And I said 'Hey — that's right up there with the best I've ever done.'

Lisa: What do you think that the best you've ever done is, besides 'Sweet Jane'?

Lou: Oh, 'New York Telephone Conversation,' 'Metal Machine Music,' 'Who

Bob Gruen

"I don't need collaborators. I do me better than anybody else can do me."



Mick Rock

Loves The Sun,' 'The Murder Mystery,' 'Candy Says,' 'I'll Be A Mirror'...

Lisa: Not 'Pale Blue Eyes,' not 'Rock 'n Roll'?

Lou: Yeah, those two would probably finish it.

Lisa: Is there anything that haunts you, that you hate?

Lou: Ah — 'Sally Can't Dance,' the entire thing, tip to bottom. 'Lou Reed Live,' from top to bottom, 'Rock 'n Roll Animal'.

Lisa: Is 'Lou Reed Live' the second part of 'Rock 'n Roll Animal'?

Lou: It's the out-takes.

Lisa: I don't think I ever heard it.

Lou: I don't see why you'd want to.

Lisa: Are you tired of all this? I'm talking

about the music, I'm talking about making records, writing songs, performing...

Lou: No.

Lisa: And you don't feel like you're too old for this career anymore?

Lou: Well — whatever it is, I like making this kind of music.

Lisa: And you like to perform?

Lou: For the right kind of people with the right kind of show. There's no opening act because of the size of the theaters.

Lisa: Why do you insist on playing 3,000 seat halls?

Lou: Like I'm saying, because the whole show is me — period. OK, so whoever is going there knows that's all they're getting.

Lisa: Yeah, but you said you could sell

out 12,000.

Lou: Right, but I wouldn't be able to put on the kind of show that I want to put on. Nobody's doing what I'm talking about. They're going to get Lou Reed, you know, for real. I'll lose money — I can make a lot more money by having three acts or opening for something but this way — it's not that I'm going to be poor, but I'm going to have a lot of fun because I'm in charge.

Lisa: But you still get that same crowd — that came to watch you shoot up, don't you think?

Lou: No, I really think the size of the hall and some of the places we've played eliminated the bestial creatures of the night who want to come and witness some kind of debauchery. □



In my drunken stupor, Debbie looked like an angel from heaven with the spotlight shining down on her, creating a halo effect.

DAY OF THE COMMIE

by Legs McNeil

I sat limply at my desk and listened to the unnerving wail of a distant siren out on Tenth Avenue. It was 8:00 in the morning and I was trying to decide whether to try and make it home or open a third bottle of Johnny Walker Black. Common sense got the better of me and I stumbled through the empty beer cans and empty Kentucky Fried Chicken containers littering the floor and pulled the bottle down off the book shelf. "You're one drunk shamus" I thought to myself as I crawled back on all fours to my desk.

I was drunk all right, but at least tonight I had a reason. I leaned back in my swivel chair and took a big swig off the bottle. "So I'm not good enough to be invited to the Mayors Annual Cultural Awareness Awards, honoring New York musicians Lou Reed, Patti Smith, Joey Ramone, Handsome Dick Manitoba, and Debbie Blondie for experimenting with new sounds in music and drawing the world's attention and admiration for their efforts." I was pissed. I stared at the Daily News article spread out on my desk and read on about how the awards night was to be the "social event of the season."

Everyone from Bob Denver to Tina Louise was gonna be at the Statler Hilton

to party all night, excepting me. I had tried every way in the world to finagle an invitation but still turned up empty handed. "So I'm not good enough!" I thought again as I poured more sauce into my alcohol drenched body. "I didn't feel like renting a monkey suit and talking turkey to a bunch of tea party rejects anyway," I said, kidding myself, growing angrier by the minute as I visualized hundreds of gorgeous broads running all around the Hilton looking for a real man to take home. "Why, those stupid schmucks" I yelled as I pitched an empty bottle against the wall shattering it into a million pieces. "Shut the hell up, you nut!!!" someone yelled above me "Ah stuff it," I mumbled drunkenly, my eyes growing heavy. Two rats jumped out from a Kentucky Fried Chicken barrel and scurried to safety in a crack in the wall. I threw another empty bottle up at the ceiling where the voice came from, but it dropped back half way in slow motion, and exploded on the floor.

The voice above me started screaming louder, but the full effects of the alcohol were taking hold and the voice sounded too distant to comprehend. My inebriated thoughts drifted off the Awards

Night and I imagined myself in a black leather tuxedo being carried in on a gilded throne by ten chicks who all looked like Maryanne of "Gilligans' Island." The crowd applauded my entrance and the Maryannes let me down gracefully and Tina Louise ran from her seat next to the Mayor into my awaiting arms. The scene changed and I found myself all alone with Tina sipping champagne in a honeymoon suite. I was just about to get to the juicy part when I heard a loud buzzing in my ear. I opened my eyes, trying hard to focus.

My head felt like Superman slipped and let a ten ton safe drop on it. The buzzing grew louder and I managed to turn my head towards a pile of garbage on my desk and noticed it vibrating. "Oh, Christ, it's moving," I thought paranoidly and smashed an empty bottle over it, thinking "if there ever came a shortage of empty whiskey bottles I could make millions." The bottle shattered. "Damn, these rats are getting stronger everyday!" I tried to focus my blood-shot eyes better as the garbage continued to buzz. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, now they're even equipped with radar." I leaned over to inspect the super rodent more carefully.

"Hot damn" I mumbled, my own words echoing at excruciating levels inside my head, "that's no rat, that's the telephone." I pushed away the rubbish and picked up the receiver. "Hello, Legs McNeil, Private Detective, Professional Escort and Famous Person's Interviewing Service" I choked, trying hard not to swallow my tongue.

"Legs, I gotta talk to you right away, it's a matter of life and death, can you meet me in a half an hour?" a soft breathless voice gasped out.

"What? Who the hell is this?" I asked, glancing at my watch, realizing it was 10:00 A.M. I had been asleep for at least two hours.

"It's Debbie, Debbie Blondie."

Adrenalin shot through me, and I sat up in my chair as I gained a mental picture of the beautiful girl on the other end of the phone. I was just about to offer her anything I could, but anger over the Awards Night surged back into my tired body. "So, ya wanna rub it in a little about how I wasn't invited?" I said bitterly, still not all the way awake.

"Legs, you fool, if you don't listen to me there isn't gonna be any awards night!" Debbie shot back desperately. I could tell she was dead serious, us private eyes know these kind of things. "Well, whattya want me to do?" I asked sheepishly, feel-

ing like a heel for being a bit too nasty.

"Just meet me at the coffee shop at 11th street and 2nd Avenue in half an hour" she replied.

"I know the place" I said.

"I'll be waiting" she whispered softly, and then hung up. I picked myself up and hobbled over to the sink at the opposite end of the room, turned on the cold water and drank from the faucet. I got a mouthful of rust and spit it down the drain. "Damn, nothing ever works!" I just stuck my whole head under the cold water, hoping it would help speed my recovery. I dried myself with a dirty towel that hadn't been washed since I moved into my office two years ago, and lit up a smoke. "Gee whiz" I thought, "I wonder what Debbie wants to talk to me about." I blew smoke rings at the mirror above the sink. "Well, you'll never find out hanging around here, now clean yourself up and get moving," I heard my good conscience say.

About a half an hour later I emerged on the street looking a little less disheveled but still pretty wasted. I found a cab across the street in front of Manny's pool room and gave the address to the hack. I settled back in my seat and closed my eyes, trying to conjure back Tina Louise, but the only image that came to mind was an empty bottle of Johnny Walker.

"Well, who needs Tina Louise when you gotta date with Debbie Blondie," I said out loud, and soberly thought, "Gee, I hope I look okay." I leaned over and asked the driver if he had any Certs. He gave me a fiendish look in the rear view mirror and let his foot drop heavily on the accelerator.

The cabbie dropped me off on the right side of Second Avenue and I looked across the street to a dumpy coffee shop with a red neon light that flashed "open 24 hours at irregular intervals." As I neared the hangout for New York's finest lowlifes, the stench of filthy dishwater, greasy bacon, and stale cigarette smoke burned in my nostrils. I stopped at the doorway and surveyed the human flotsam, and assumed that Debbie must have picked this joint out of fear of being recognized. My eyes wandered around the room.

Up in front a bunch of junkies sat at a table arguing about money, while across from them a black hooker perched on a stool, trying to bum a cigarette off one of them as she flaunted her huge torpedoes. None of the junkies were interested. Down the counter a few seats an old drunk nodded off in his bowl of chili. Next to him, a seasoned shopping bag lady, with all her worldly clutter surrounding her, sat counting pennies at the



Who needs Tina Louise when you gotta date with Debbie Blondie?

counter. She would count off nine, all she had, and then go back and count them over as if they had magically multiplied into enough for a cup of coffee. Across from her, behind the counter, a fat balding middle-aged Jewish guy stood half asleep over a skillet full of burnt bacon. Every minute or two he'd catch himself nodding off, shake his head and turn over the bacon. I'd bet dollars to donuts he'd keep doing that until someone finally screamed for their food. At the end of the counter three plump white hookers in soiled hot pants sat chatting over last night's action. The fattest one in the middle kept shouting "Dat guy damn near killed me, he damn near killed me, sheeoooot, I might not even be heeah!" The other two whores sat there sipping their 20th cup of coffee of the day and nodded their heads in agreement. Every once in a while, they'd throw in a comment like "Oh, I remember him, leaves you awl black and blue" and "damn near killed me once too!"

My eyes wandered further and I finally spotted her, about as out of place in this dump as a Rolls Royce on Avenue C. Debbie Blondie, the beautiful and vivacious lead singer of the hit rock combo "Blondie" sat at a table way in the back, sipping coffee, and looking more gorgeous in person than any photograph could ever hope to capture. My heart raced and just as my eyes began to slowly undress her, I noticed a handsome fellow sitting across from her. As I neared them, I quickly recognized the guy to be Debbie's boyfriend and "Blondie" lead guitar player, Chris Stein.

Debbie looked up, gave me a nervous smile, and waved hello. "How's it going?" Chris asked, not looking up from his coffee. He fidgeted with his spoon. Debbie pulled out a smoke from a fresh pack of Camel's on the table and lit up, sucking a long drag deep into her lungs and then seductively blew the smoke out the corner of her mouth. She reminded me of Lauren Bacall in "All Through The Night." The table fell ominously silent, and just as I was about to ask what this was all about, Debbie spoke. She looked me straight in the eyes and said softly "We have reason to believe that foreign agents are planning to disrupt tonight's Cultural Awareness Awards." "Well, maybe it's a good thing I wasn't invited after all", I said jokingly, trying to break the tension. Neither Debbie nor Chris laughed. I felt like a jerk. "Okay, what's the angle?" I asked realizing the seriousness of the situation. Chris looked up for the first time.

"I've heard rumours from reliable sources at a dive called CBGB's that a group of leftist terrorists, nicknamed C.A.R.R. (Commies Against Rock and Roll) are planning an armed assault tonight at the Hilton and unless we do something about it, the goon squad's gonna have a lot of dead meat to drag to the morgue." He wiped his brow and reached for a smoke. I flashed back to a Newsweek article I had read a few weeks back, about how this so called C.A.R.R.



Chris Stein

Every time she spoke, I could only stare at her like a pathetic puppy dog, hungering for her.

group was blowing up Radio Free Europe transmitters all over Europe. Chris lit his cigarette, relaxed a bit and spoke again. "Nobody really knows anything about these toads except that they were harrassing radio stations that played rock and roll in Spain, France and Germany. But I guess they decided that since New York is the rock and roll capital of the world, they'd move their operations over here."

"You'd think we didn't have enough problems!" Debbie muttered disgustedly. I couldn't help it, but every time she spoke, I could only stare at her like a pathetic puppy dog, hungering for her. I bit my lip and regained my composure, trying to concentrate on the case at hand.

"How come you didn't go to the police?" I finally asked.

"What? And get laughed at all the way to Coney Island and back? I don't have a shred of evidence and my sources would rather burn than talk to the cops," Chris shot back in frustration. He sighed and

took a hard drag off his cigarette.

"Does anybody else know you have this information?" I asked. Debbie stared at me. "What?" she asked, a bit confused.

"Did you tell anyone else? ... you know, your lives might be in danger at this very minute, you could have been followed!"

Debbie and Chris looked at each other and said in unison, "Followed?"

I didn't know how true my predictions were until a burst of machine gun fire erupted from behind me. I instinctively yelled "Down!" and dove to the floor. In a flash, Chris overturned the table, shielding Debbie and himself from the hot lead flying around the room. I gazed in horror as hidden assassins converted the dumpy restaurant into a bloody butcher shop! From somewhere out on the street a small army of cutthroats opened up with high powered machine guns at a few helpless fish in a barrel. The first blast had shattered the front windows and left the junkies up front in a pile of broken bodies

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HALL AND OATES

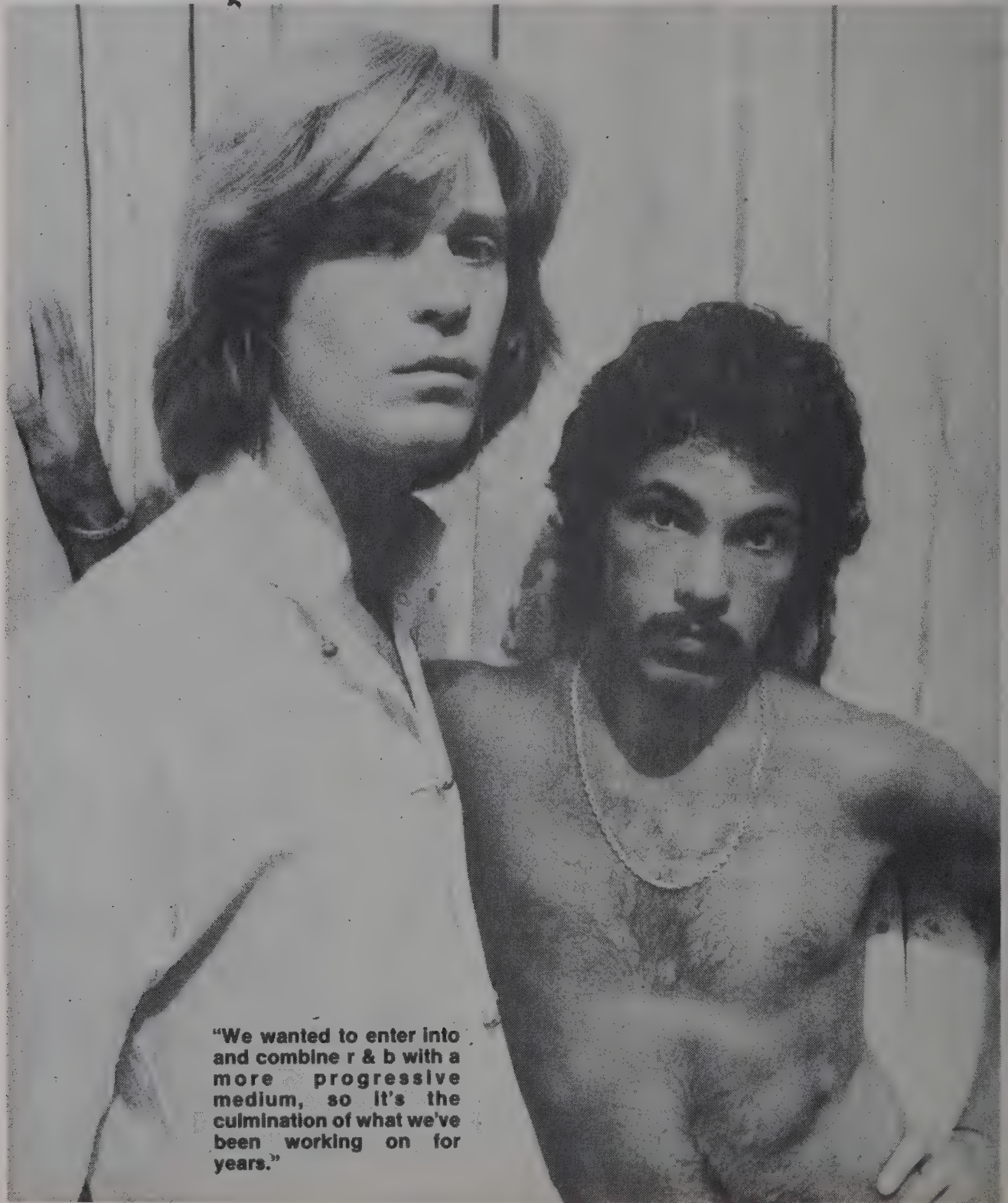
Meeting The Collective Challenge

Daryl Hall and John Oates were "ninetenths" of the way through their next album when they took some time "off" for summer concerts.

As for the new LP: "Well," said John, talking in his manager's New York office, "it is more aggressive, but there is our usual mixture. We never do three chord

rock, but the general tenor of the album is harder."

"It's rawer," added Daryl. "We're trying to get a band together, and this



"We wanted to enter into and combine r & b with a more progressive medium, so it's the culmination of what we've been working on for years."



"Having a number one hit didn't change us personally, it just seemed like the next step, you know? Financially, of course, it made things better."



"We've avoided all the pressures to do the same things again."

sounds more like a band sound. It's hard for us, because it's the usual front man - sideman syndrome. It's hard to find people who have the same vision you do; it's rare to hire people and expect your kind of commitment in a democratic band situation."

Daryl and John, who had a huge hit last year with "Sara Smile" and whose "Rich Girl" recently went to No. 1, are happy with their success (especially after being together for nine years), but are

determined not to get trapped into repeating themselves.

"We've always fought being locked into that 'blue-eyed soul' kind of thing," says John, "and I think we succeeded."

"I never wanted to just stick with R&B because to me that's just one facet of what we want to talk about and do, you know," he adds. "We wanted to enter into and combine it with a more progressive medium, so it's the culmination of what

we've been working on for years.

"It's getting a soul feeling of coming from a soul place in the body but combining that with a more intellectual lyrical structure than R&B generally confines itself to.

" 'Rich Girl' isn't anything like 'Sara Smile,' and it's funny — because we did have a song that was very 'Sara Smilish' and chose not to put it on the album. It's a great song and probably could have been a hit, but we purposely decided not to put it on the album because we've been fighting our whole career to be different and don't want to stop now."

"I think I'm very uncompromising," adds Daryl. "I have never consciously changed anything I've done; we've avoided all the pressures to do the same things again. All of our singles and albums have pretty much been different."

John says that he immediately knew that "Rich Girl" was a hit, but Daryl, who wrote it, admits, "I can't hear singles at all, I'm the worst at that. I just write the songs and then have absolutely no idea..."

"I like the lyrics to that song," Daryl says. "For a single, it's an unusual song, it's not about your normal subjects. Anything I can do that will be a little different — especially in the singles world — makes me happy."

("We've been making records for so long," John told us last year, "I mean we made records before we made records together. We made records separately, we did commercials and we played on other people's records. We built up a following through LP and FM play and through just going out and touring, touring the East Coast and touring everywhere, so it seems like it's been gradual. Now that

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THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW

by Lisa Robinson

MICK JAGGER

"We've got all these songs for the next album. I think we should get them down..."

We sat down in the Atlantic Studios where Mick had been listening to the tracks of "Love You Live". It was sometime early this summer, and we attempted, once again, to try a serious interview. Fortunately, that's not possible.

Lisa: About this album...
Mick: Yesss ... Let's just talk about girls.
*Lisa: Oh, I never can talk about girls with *!?!*!?, they get worried if their wives read about it...*
Mick: Oh well, let's talk about them then.
Lisa: What I'm really interested in is how you manage to go and see all these groups perform ... I mean you don't even have to do it for a living, unless you're just checking out the competition...
Mick: It's a night out for me, it's like a soccer game on Sundays.
Lisa: But it's twelve years now that you've seen all these people with their little groups...
Mick: Their little groups ... I didn't say that, you did. I can't go see Fleetwood Mac tonight because I've really got to stay here.
Lisa: You're not going to the party? I'm bringing Bryan (Ferry).
Mick: Where is it?
Lisa: Les Mouches, around eleven thirty...
Mick: I went to Bryan's party...
Lisa: Well we got there at three...
Mick: No you did NOT get there at three ... I was there until three-thirty...
Lisa: Well they told me you were there but I didn't see you, it must have been David Johansen...
Mick: I was dancing with strange girls...
Lisa: About going to see these bands perform, do you feel obligated to go?
Mick: Well sometimes people invite you. Which is nice.
Lisa: But aren't you bored with all of this, with going to see bands, with this business...
Mick: No, some nights it's fun. Sometimes it's boring...
Lisa: Have you ever seen any new bands that you've liked?
Mick: What, in smaller clubs and things?
Lisa: Yeah, like have you been to CBGB's?
Mick: Yeah ... and Tin Palace and Copperfields ... I'm a regular at Copperfield's. And of course Trax ... although I'm not a regular at Trax, I must admit. But I am a regular at Copperfields ... I saw a few bands there I liked. I also was next door ... working on the Peter Frampton album (collapses with laughter)...
Lisa: Now THAT's what I mean, who ever would have thought any of this would happen to PETER FRAMPTON???
Mick: You're saying these terrible things and you can't USE any of this ... I'm being nice and you're being so vicious about everyone...
Lisa: Okay. Tell me about what you think of punk rock. Is it what you were when you began?
Mick: Yeah, a bit. Not completely. A lot of it ... not the politics ... We got into that later, I wrote songs against the Queen later on.
Lisa: Well, I guess "Street Fighting Man" was pretty political, but why wasn't the reaction against it as intense as the Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen"...
Mick: Too subtle.

Lisa: Well, have you heard these bands? The Pistols ... the Clash, the Damned...
Mick: Yeah, yeah ... not the Clash ... the Damned, yes.
Lisa: Oh, the Clash are the best.
Mick: Well, everyone's got their own OPINIONS, Lisa, as to which one is the BEST. Perhaps we should put a supergroup together...
Lisa: Mmmm. Johnny Rotten, the bass player from the Clash...
Mick: Don't forget I haven't been to England for awhile, I've been here. I was there when it all erupted the first time. But I've been rather wrapped up in myself lately. Although I do see a lot of bands...
Lisa: WHY do you go to see these bands??
Mick: Well, because that's what I DO. I go out. I just go out. I just go out and have a drink and see a BAND, it's a sort of evening. What do you think I do? Eat at Grenouille, or something?
Lisa: Yes, actually ... you do have that image...
Mick: Well I don't. I lunch at Grenouille.
Lisa: Well, I've seen you sit up until dawn talking with Billy Preston about Arp synthesizers and playing four chord blues or whatever that is ... and people just

don't see that side, I guess.
Mick: Well it's what we've been doing for the last two months, it seems...
Lisa: So you are still really interested then, in rock and roll?
Mick: Well, I think it's got its limitations ... (Laughs). As a musical form. Even as a political, economical force, you know. But it's part of it. Then there's also tennis.
Lisa: But rock and roll in England, I mean the kids think that London is one big slum, and they can't get jobs ... and rock and roll for them is the only outlet, the only expression of outrage they've got.
Mick: Well I'm afraid it's been like that since 1956, or something. I mean with the Teddy boys and everything, it was really violent...
Lisa: Why does that happen in London and not here?
Mick: Well it did happen here. Zoot suits, all that in the 1940's, it happened here...
Lisa: So you think there's nothing new about this?
Mick: Oh, no, it's different. But it has got similarities.
Lisa: But their music, and their words in particular, don't really apply here,



"Rock and roll has got its limitations"...

because the kids here don't worry about being on the dole the same way they do there....

Mick: But that's bullshit, because the unemployment rate here is much higher than it is there.

Lisa: *Why don't the bands here make the same kind of music then. The New York bands are reacting against big pop groups, but it's nowhere near the same kind of intensity...*

Mick: Well, it's not the same country. Maybe it's more extreme because maybe we're just more extreme people. Certain sections of England are very extreme. You did have a very extreme political reaction in this country in the 1960's ... I mean that was their version ... the way it happened in America that time, this is the way it's happening in England this time. The same phenomenon, the same expression, just a different way of expressing it.

Lisa: *Do you see that music as sounding the same way your music sounded in 1962? The same rough, raw quality?*

Mick: I don't know if it's the same, it's very similar. I mean rock and roll is very similar, it's very basic. There's not much more you can do, except put more energy into it.

Lisa: *Do you think you've gotten "better musically"?*

Mick: Well, it's different. I mean you can't play the same way forever. The Sex Pistols won't be playing the same way in five years from now ... they weren't playing the same way last week. They'll inevitably get slicker; the only thing against that is that you're trying hard not to be slick, but you can't help it. What happens is what happens, and you ain't in complete control. Because other people influence you. Your audience. Where you go. No one wants to stand still. It doesn't mean you have to lose contact with the audience ... but I think inevitably music changes, every band changes.

Lisa: *Do you think you're still in touch with your audience?*

Mick: Yeah, in a way ... but I'm not playing every night ... especially now.

Lisa: *Why did you do those old songs in Toronto for the album?*

Mick: I dunno. It just seemed to be a good idea. It just felt like that in that little room. We did a lot of other material too.

Lisa: *Would you like to do that, to perform again in a club?*

Mick: I don't know. I can't take any of it seriously. I don't take anything seriously anymore. I mean I can't take anything THAT seriously. I mean since the age of fourteen I haven't taken anything really seriously ... whatever I do.

Lisa: *Well, you've told me that it keeps you young and still an adolescent to do this...*

Mick: Well, I've said a lot of shit...

Lisa: *My whole theory down the drain. Well, you said you don't have the same kind of responsibilities that other people have...*

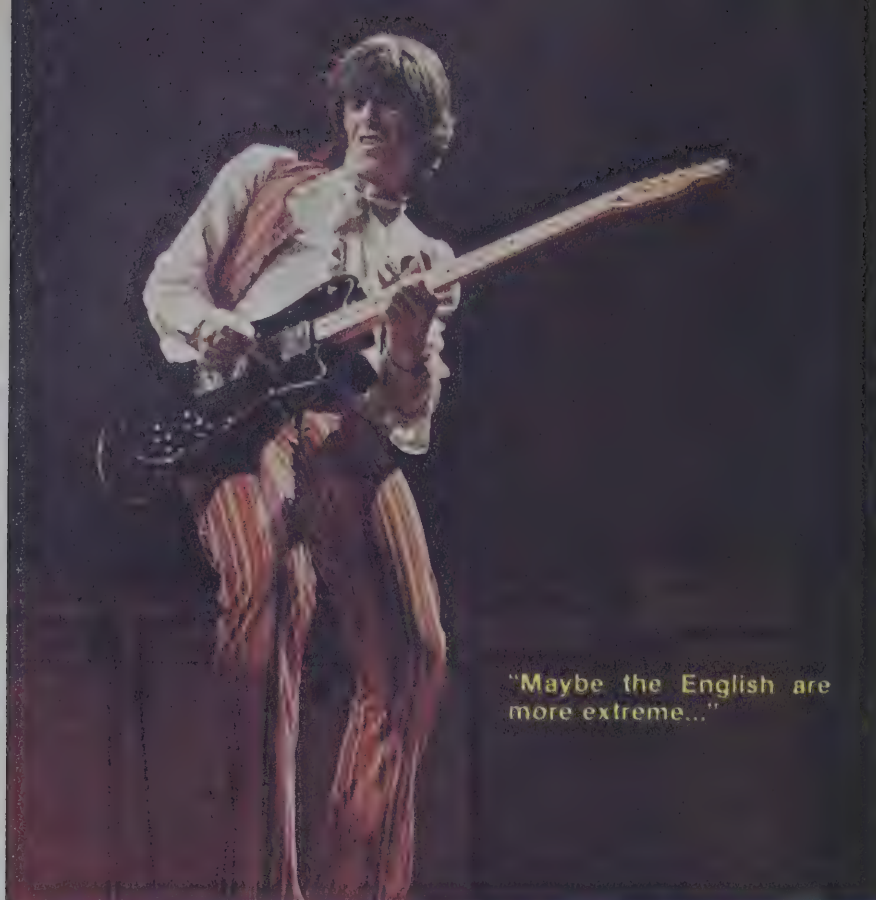
Mick: Well, you don't.

Lisa: *Why did you do a live album?*

Mick: Because we had to ... we promised we would. And here it is! It was part of our contract.

"Most of the ideas I've had for performing are too expensive."





"Maybe the English are more extreme..."

Lisa: You've put so much work into this album, haven't you?

Mick: Ummm, yeah ... enough. A lot.

Lisa: You get so involved with all of it, and it seems to take so long.

Mick: Well, Keith Harwood died, so it took longer. And it got slower, and slower ... and more boring...

Lisa: You have to listen to so many tapes of all those concerts??

Mick: We had a lot of tapes, because we wanted to put a live album out ages ago and couldn't, because Allen Klein wouldn't let us. Or whoever it was ... but we had a lot of tapes. We listened to a lot of them...

Lisa: What about all the overdubs that really are done on live albums that people don't know about?

Mick: Well, the overdubs are less than we did on the last one ... The overdubbing that's done under the Geneva Convention of Overdubbing Live Albums of 1967 ... We haven't overdubbed hardly anything. I must admit that sometimes I have overdubbed the voice, or something that didn't come out. But we hardly touched it at all. We overdubbed more on the last album, not much, just a bit- to make it better...

Lisa: You don't think it takes away from being a real live album if you overdub?

Mick: Well yes, sometimes. But look, if you've got a vocal group onstage and all their mikes aren't working, and you want to put that in, you know what I mean? If all the sound is fucked up on one mike ... I don't think that's cheating. If one night you didn't get one voice...

Lisa: After hearing all those different tapes, how can you possibly know the difference?

Mick: You can't, and it drives you absolutely crazy.

Lisa: Well, with the Canada tapes it must have been easy, because it was only two nights...

Mick: But we had a lot of numbers and we only did that on one side ... we picked out the old stuff to put on one side, but that's not all the numbers we did in Toronto.

Lisa: When you hear yourself do that now, do you think you're singing better than you sang those old songs then?

Mick: Yeah, I think so.

Lisa: When people say 'oh, they're older now, they're not as good as they were then' ... you told me that you thought you were a bit 'ingenue' then...

Mick: Well it's different. Ingenue is ingenue. You can only be ingenue once, it's a thing of its own. When you're ingenue that's great, because you're so sort of dumb ... and enthusiastic, and then you get better. But with those old numbers, they were a bit ingenue, because we hadn't really done them ... like "Mannish Boy" we only rehearsed once, and then only half. And I don't think we ever played it onstage.

Lisa: Who wrote "Cracking Up"?

Mick: I don't know. I did.

Lisa: No, you didn't...

Mick: I wrote two verses of it that didn't exist before.

Lisa: You also said that when you started you wanted to sound like those old black bluesmen...

Mick: Rubbish, I never said any such thing...

Lisa: I have the tape, I promise you you said it. You said in terms of age, and people talking about age, and how when

you started you wanted to sound like sixty year old men whose records you listened to...

Mick: It was Keith who said that ... I read that he said it the other day...

Lisa: You said it to me.

Mick: Well then he knicked it off me ... I just read it last week, that's EXACTLY what Keith said ... I read it in an article last WEEK...

Lisa: Well, all right, I swear to you that you said it to me. ANYWAY. So now you sound like that, you've reached that goal. But do you think that there's more you can do with your voice, that there's not enough exploration...

Mick: Oh yes, Lisa. I reaaaally think that there's a LONG way to go and I've got A LOT to learn ... And I'm going to get there ... (Laughs). Seriously, I can get it a lot better in the next couple of years...

Lisa: Living the way you do? You don't take very good care of yourself do you?

Mick: No. Nor do you. But I do think I can work on my voice, I just need to practice.

Lisa: Did you see that French magazine "Facade" where it had a drawing of you as a sixty year old man on a stool, singing in Las Vegas?

Mick: No, but as usual, the French are completely wrong about everything. That's the last thing I think will ever happen.

Lisa: What about performing. When you get onstage now you still jump around...

Mick: Jump around...!!

Lisa: Well you do. You jump around.

Mick: Well I'm not Frank Sinatra.

Lisa: Do you think you jump around better than you used to? More disciplined?

Mick: Yes, it's more disciplined. I don't know, it's just different. But I think I'm still a bit ingenue.

Lisa: What about the band? And what was this stuff that you said about getting another guitarist if Keith's problems weren't worked out?

Mick: I didn't say that. What I said was, the guy asked me if Keith got a life sentence, would you go on the road with anybody else, and I said yes of course I would.

Lisa: You would?

Mick: Well if Keith gets a LIFE SENTENCE ... I mean if he got a life sentence...

Lisa: Well, as long as you didn't get a life sentence, there would be a Rolling Stones...?

Mick: Well, it's a hypothetical situation... but if Keith got a LIFE SENTENCE, and I could never see him again except through PRISON BARS, I guess I would have to play with someone else, what else could I do? I could stop playing, but it seems a silly thing to do, I don't want to stop playing. But I don't think Keith will end up behind bars, so it's a hypothetical question. But that's what the cat said to me, if he gets a life sentence would you go on ... so that's what I said in REPLY.

Lisa: But you personally, are committed to this rock and roll life? You want to keep on making records and doing concerts?

Mick: Oh yeah.

Lisa: You're not bored with it?

Mick: Oh yeah, but then I don't do it when I'm bored with it. I do it when I'm not bored with it.

Lisa: What about recording another album? Have you written songs?

Mick: Oh yeah.

Lisa: Really? That's so cute...

Mick: Oh we've got bucketfuls...

Lisa: Where will you record? Where Keith can go?

Mick: Ummm.

Lisa: It's so silly, you would think they would leave him alone by now...

Mick: Oh it's absurd. Once people get an idea in their heads they never seem to slacken off of it. But anyway, back to the music, Lisa...

Lisa: What about touring?

Mick: I think we'll tour, but as we have all these songs for the next album, I think we should get them down.

Lisa: When you think of being on the road is it like, 'oh shit all those people again' ... having to drag it around...

Mick: Well it can be any way you want it ... it can change.

Lisa: What would make it interesting to you now?

Mick: Well, having a new program of songs, for a start. That really helps.

Lisa: But you must have ideas that you've had for years that you haven't used. Other rock groups do all this stuff with lasers and smokebombs...

Mick: Oh smokebombs! That's a good one. HEY WHY DON'T WE DO SMOKEBOMBS?? WHAT A GREAT IDEA??!!

Lisa: Yes, well that's what I mean. You must have had more creative ideas than that.

Mick: Yes, but most of it's too expensive.

Lisa: You don't make much money on the road, do you?

Mick: Yes we do.

Lisa: You told me you're lucky if you come out of it with one thousand dollars and a new white suit.

Mick: Well, it depends on where we tour. Toronto we didn't come out of it with a lot. Yugoslavia wasn't particularly ... lucrative...

Lisa: Do you think that people still put things on you that they see, or they want to ... like the whole Mrs. Trudeau thing in Canada. Do you see yourself as a sort of innocent bystander for that one?

Mick: Really, really.

Lisa: There you were, minding your own business...

Mick: There I was, not even on the same floor...

Lisa: And an international incident ensues ... Do you take any responsibility for that?

Mick: Absolutely none for that one.

Lisa: Well which ones do you take credit for?

Mick: Not Entebbe.

Lisa: Well it's what people think the Rolling Stones are. Do you see yourself as a sort of nice, verging on middle aged, quiet boys just trying to make your music?


Mick: Not quite, no. □

"You're only Ingenue once. It's a thing of its own. When you're Ingenue it's great, because it's sort of dumb, and enthusiastic."









"I think when you're closer to the performer, it's better for the audience too. It's more electric and you feel as if you have a special relationship."

CARLY SIMON

Has To Be Inspired

"I'm still scared about performing but I'm going to do it anyway," Carly Simon said after the release of "Another Passenger."

"There's no reason why I can't work in clubs. For some reason when I decided to do that in the past, people told me that I was too 'big' to play in those places. But what the hell, if I do a week or two at a club it's a lot better for me and I think that's a better way to get back into performing."

Carly, who has never been thrilled about performing in large halls, and stayed away for that reason, recently returned to the stage with "surprise" appearances at New York's Other End.

Before those gigs, she said "When I was on the 'Saturday Night Live Show' I loved working with a band. The exhilaration of working was exciting and I remembered what it was like at its best. It

was tremendously exciting and fun.

"I think when you're closer to the performer, it's better for the audience too. It's more electric and you feel as if you have a special relationship with the performer. You're not one of 10,000, you're one of 300."

Performing aside, Carly works best on her songwriting when she has a deadline. "I'm not a very prolific songwriter, I have to be inspired.

"I always write a couple of songs six months before the deadline but there is a sort of rush of material that comes out in the months before I go in to record. And in fact, during the first month or so of recording I usually still go on and write."

As for singles: "I think about them in so far as I know so many people that surround my career are thinking about them. So I just

sort of think the company might select this as the single. But I never really sit down to write a single. If I've just written something and it sounds like it has a hook, the way 'Half A Chance' has a hook, then I think well, that might be a single, that might be nice. But I don't write that hook thinking I want to write a hook for a single."

But even with Carly's *huge* single successes (like "Anticipation" and "You're So Vain") she says: "Well, I just simply can't take it that seriously. I mean, if I were to take it that seriously I might as well go into the hit-writing business. And that's not the business I'm in. I don't consider myself to be that kind of a writer, I don't go in there to write a hit. I write something and then I feel comfortable if out of ten songs there is one which sounds like a single to me.

"If I had my way I would

work with a different producer every album just because I like to be constantly learning and having different influences. I suspect that if, in my life, I make twenty albums that that will be a lot and if I could have twenty different producers, that would be wonderful. But obviously when you find a producer with whom you get along, both personally and musically, you want to repeat the collaboration because it's obviously been a beneficial one."

"Working with Richard Perry was very beneficial," she added. "We made hits together. We got along very well and it was an easy working relationship. We were used to each other's habits and there was no reason for us not to do another album together. There wasn't another producer that was

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"I'm still scared about performing but I'm going to do it anyway."

THROUGH THE PAST OBSCURELY

by Lenny Kaye

Those oldies but goodies may remind me of you, dear, but what happens when the quality of remembrance has little or nothing to do with the songs of the past. Removed from nostalgia by their non-hit status, the bulk of music now being researched and reissued is a nonetheless goldmine for those seeking to broaden their personal listening horizons - or, if that concept of self-improvement seems to jar with your projected enjoyment, how about some totally inspired collections of little-known gems and antiques, a strata of rock and roll and related musics that will not only amaze and excite, but quite probably find their way onto your honor roll with the ease and grace of fine vintage wine ("You get a nickel / I'll get a dime...").

Many of these records are quasi-legal, in the sense that the myriad of tangled business affairs which seems to surround progressively older and more obscure releases is nigh-impossible to sort out, and most originate from Europe. But driven with mission as well as veneration, the producers of each succulent vinyl wafer here presented have gone out of their way to provide the best product for your money and imagination. These are labors of love, Caesar's tribute, and no pair of records illustrates this more than the two awe-inspiring sets which feature Elvis Presley in his classic 1956-57

television appearances. *From The Waist Up* (Golden Archives 150) and *Elvis Dorsey Shows* (Golden Archives 100) are exactly what the infer: the King as heard in his legendary confrontations with Ed Sullivan, and - earlier in his career - the breakthrough appearances with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey.

Of the discs, I must say I prefer Elvis on the Dorsey shows, though it's inarguable that *From The Waist Up* is the better record. The Sullivan appearances are not only graced with a full-size poster and excellent sound, but an Elvis in the first full flame of his superstardom. He sings with animation, knowledge, and the assured poise of the pro, playing off and encouraging the screams emanating from the audience. As for the title, the liner notes inform us that the three Sullivan shows - for which he was paid \$50,000, a then jaw-dropping amount - only the last was actually censored; in his current act, Elvis still makes reference to the event by slashing a line across his middle before the opening strains of "Hound Dog". Takes him a bit longer these days too.

But as document and drama, the Dorsey Shows have the edge. He appeared with the Brothers six times between Jan. 28 and March 24, 1956, and that two month span saw him rise and grip the imagination of America like no one before or since. Still raw and slightly

unformed, the first show (at which he performs "Blue Suede Shoes" and a version of "Heartbreak Hotel" backed by the Dorsey orchestra - must be heard to be believed!) finds him nervous, breath not always in control, trying to gauge and understand the power he unleashes. Week-by-week he gains in surety, until by the end, the triumphant screams that greet his arrival bear witness to the durability of his coming reign.

An off-shoot of the Elvis recordings is the consistently sparkling guitar work by Scotty Moore, and if this jazz-inflected rock-a-billy style is appealing, then look out! Rock-a-billy has long been a collector's favorite in Europe, where heroes like Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran are still venerated as living gods (it's not unusual to run across street corners of leather-jacketed, slick-haired rockers in Paris harassing passerbys in the time-honored tradition of *Blackboard Jungle* while proudly sporting the badges of their patron saints).

In England, MCA Records has responded to the demands of this discriminating audience by putting out two volumes of *Rare Rockabilly* (MCA 2697 & 2789), filled with raw slabs from American Decca by such as Texas-based Johnny Carroll ("Hot Rocks" and "Wild Wild Women"), Roy Hall, Don Woody (whose "Barking Up The Wrong Tree" is





a regular riot), Billy Guitar, and others issued and unissued. Over in Holland, Collector Records have assembled over thirty releases, some spotlighting individuals like Teddy Redell and Mickey Gilley, others devoted to anthologizing the best of the one-shot wonders. Two of my favorites are *Rock 'n Roll Revival* (Collector 1008) with a side devoted to Mickey Hawks and the Night Raiders and a flip that features (You Sure Look Sharp Wearin') "Sunglasses After Dark" by Dwight Pullen, a song that literally begs for resurrection; and *Rare Rock-a-billy Vol. II* (Collector 1020), with priceless pictures of long-forgotten record labels on the front and a varied pot-pourri of slap-echoed excitement inside.

The distinctive sound qualities of rock-a-billy and its surprisingly formal intricacy as a style lends well to modern day remakes, though most (as many of the bands surrounding England's Teddy Boys) are content to redo the hits and

their variations. Not so Swedish Sven Ake Hogberg - if I'm interpreting these liner notes correctly - who has gone beyond the boundaries of genuflection into the realm of solid insanity. "Spinning Rock Boogie", the opening cut of *Don't Mess With My Ducktail* (Sonet/EMI C066-98536), credited to one "Hank C. Burnette", is - in its welter of madly colliding guitars, infinitized echo and panting speed - the distillation of thousands of rock-a-billy records, the ultimate reduction, and its rush is beyond compare. The rest of the album is composed of pleasant instrumentals ("Ghost Riders In The Sky," "Blue Moon"), and Euro-impressions of what is actually not southern culture but southern movie culture: i.e. the proto-typical Alabaman cop who asks to see "Your Driving License Please". All with a ripe sense of hyah-hyah fun, that core of rock-a-billy which has proved its endurance over the years.

Not far from a rock-a-billy music via

the rock and roll bloodline is the self-contained band instrumental from the fifties and early sixties, the direct forerunner of what would eventually grow into the local bands of the mid-sixties, invading every garage across the land. Probably the most underrecognized facet of rock to date, the influential representatives of the form were Johnny and the Hurricanes in the fifties, and the Ventures (in Europe, the Shadows) in the sixties. Not binding their singing voices until the Beatles / Rolling Stones spearheaded the English invasion, lead instruments were generally wailing saxophone or guitar, melody lines held clean and sparse, and the rhythms were snappy, guided by the drummer's snare. Two excellent anthologies, *Loose Ends* (Union Pacific 005) and *Rock 'n Roll Instrumental Vol. 2* (Guitar 76/200), provide an unbeatable overview of this neglected period.

Loose Ends headlines the Virtues (their *continued on page 62*)



"I was a bit apprehensive about the reaction to me without Roxy, but all those fears have been dispelled by the reaction."

BRYAN FERRY IN WITH THE IN CROWD



He's never been an ordinary rock star, so when Bryan Ferry performed two shows at New York's Bottom Line, it was no surprise that the club was filled to capacity with an unusual audience.

Bryan's girlfriend Jerry Hall invited all her modelling friends. Andy Warhol brought a party of tuxedo-clad guests direct from a Carter fund-raising dinner. Artist Larry Rivers was there, as was playwright Robert Wilson and actress Lucinda Childs. It was the cutest crowd we've ever seen in the place.

But despite the fact that Bryan speaks properly, often wears suits, and lives with the glamorous Jerry Hall, the assembled sophisticated set got a full dose of rock and roll, perhaps more than they had bargained for.

Bryan's show is fabulous. Since he wrote most of the songs for Roxy Music, it seemed a moot point that he was performing without them for the first time in this country. His band — Chris Spedding and Phil Manzanera on guitars, Paul Thompson on drums, John Whetton on bass, Ann Odell on keyboards and a three man horn section — provided the perfect

America is a challenge, because it's like the last wall of resistance."



Richard Wallis



Laurens

background for Ferry's uniquely weird, slightly diabolical rock singing.

"This has been the longest tour we've ever done," Bryan said a few days later. "And it's been the most successful, both with Roxy or alone. We started in January in England, then went to Europe, Australia and Japan before we came to America. And the reactions have been great everywhere we've played. One can't expect more than that.

"I was a bit apprehensive about the reaction to me without Roxy," Bryan admitted, "but all those fears have been dispelled by the reaction. Obviously the people who come to see me are Roxy fans — those are the ones who know who I am. But they certainly don't seem to be disappointed.

"I'm very tired, but I'm confident. I feel this was the right thing to do. There was a certain pressure on the part of the record company against us coming here to do this tour at this time. But with all due respect to them, I think they were wrong."

As for the American success that has eluded him this far (compared to the rest of the world where he's a giant star), "Well, it's a challenge, because it's the last wall of resis-

tance if you talk in terms of wanting audience success. I do want that, I like having a big audience, I think anybody who makes records wants that. And as long as I can make it better without compromising myself, I'm prepared to keep throw-

ing it up against the wall that is America to see if it will stick," he laughed.

Bryan performed mostly solo material on this tour, (with the exception of Roxy's "Could It Happen To Me" and "Casanova")

stayed very center stage, sang directly to the audience, and played keyboards only once — during "Love Is The Drug." Why only then? "Oh," he smiled, "I think you should always keep them wanting more." □ Lisa Robinson



"I'm tired, but I'm confident. I feel that this tour was the right thing to do."

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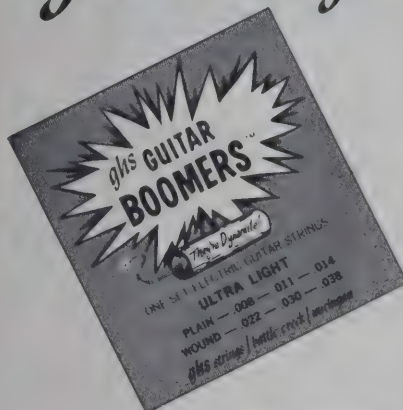
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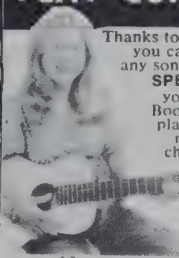
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WORK ON ME

(As recorded by The O'Jays)

K. GAMBLE
L. HUFF

Work on me, work on me, work me over
Why don't-cha scratch my back
Make me relax
Why don't-cha rub my head
Gimme a bath put me in bed
Work on me, work on me, work me over.

Whisper in my ear baby
Treat me like a king you fine young th-
ing
Do anything baby to make me satisfied
baby
Groove me, groove me tonight.

Work on me, work on me, work me over
Work, work, work, work, work me over
Groove me tonight.

Work on me, work on me, work me over
Work, work, work, work, work me over.

Work on me, work on me, work me over
Work, work, work, work, work me over.

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Music.

DON'T STOP

(As recorded by Fleetwood Mac)

CHRISTINE McVIE

If you wake up and don't want to smile
If it takes just a little while
Open your eyes and look at the day
You'll see things in a different way.

Don't stop thinking about tomorrow
Don't stop it'll soon be here
It'll be better than before
Yesterday's gone, yesterday's gone.

Why not think about times to come
And not about the things that you've
done

If your life is bad to you
Just think what tomorrow will do.

(Repeat chorus)

All I want is to see you smile
If it takes just a little while
I know you don't believe that it's true
I never meant any harm to you.

(Repeat chorus)

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CHRISTINE SIXTEEN

(As recorded by Kiss)

GENE SIMMONS

She gets me dizzy
She sees me through to the end
She's got me in her hands
And there's no use in pretending.

Christine, sixteen
Christine, sixteen.

She drives me crazy
I want to give her all I got
And she's hot ev'ry day and night
There is no doubt about it.

Christine, sixteen
Christine, sixteen.

She's been around but she's young and
clean
I've got to have her, can't live without
her

Oh no Christine, sixteen
Christine, sixteen.

Christine, sixteen
Christine, sixteen
Christine.

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NOBODY DOES IT BETTER

(As recorded by Carly Simon)

CAROLE BAYER SAGER
MARVIN HAMLSCH

Nobody does it better makes me feel
sad for the rest

Nobody does it half as good as you
Baby, you're the best
I wasn't lookin' but somehow you found
me

I tried to hide from your love light
But like heaven above me the spy who
loved me is keepin' all my secrets safe
tonight.

Nobody does it better sometimes I wish
someone could

Nobody does it quite the way you do
Did you have to be so good?
The way that you hold me whenever
you hold me

There's some kind of magic inside you
That keeps me from runnin' but just
keep it comin'
How'd you learn to do the things you
do?

And nobody does it better makes me
feel sad for the rest

Nobody does it half as good as you
Baby, baby, baby you're the best.

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SOMETHING ABOUT YOU

(As recorded by LeBlanc and Carr)

EDDIE HOLLAND
LAMONT DOZIER
BRIAN HOLLAND

Darling dumpling if I could have you to
call my very own
I'd work my fingers to the bone, I'd
never roam

A to you I'd always come home
'Cause there's something about you
baby

That makes me keep a loving you
There's something about you baby
That makes me love you just a little bit
more

Truly love you just a little bit more
Sweet sweet babe how you satisfy
Sweet sweet babe you set my soul on
fire

I need you yeah got to have you
No matter what price I have to pay
'Cause without the shelter of your lov-
ing arms

HARD ROCK CAFE

(As recorded by Carole King)

CAROLE KING

Downtown anywhere U.S.A.
You can find yourself a hard rock cafe
Put your money on a number anyone
can play

Come on and tell us all about what
happened to you today at the hard rock
cafe

Come to the hard rock cafe
I hope you can find your way to the hard
rock cafe

After a hard day's work I guarantee
There just isn't anywhere better to be
If you're unable to find good company
You can always sit down and watch the
color T.V. at the hard rock cafe

Come to the hard rock cafe
The regulars can't keep away from the
hard rock cafe.

And if you're feelin' just a little bit
lonely

Don't sit at home just mopin'
Come on down to where the spirits flow
so freely

You know the door is always open
At the hard rock cafe
Come to the hard rock cafe
They will help keep your blues at bay
At the hard rock cafe.

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Life don't mean a thing anyway.

I'm just your puppet on a string and
tears sometimes you bring

But do me any way you wanna
When you wanna I'll keep a loving you
just the same

'Cause there's something about you
baby

That makes me keep loving you
There's something about you baby
makes me love you just a little bit more
Truly love you just a little bit more
You're a real humdinger you're a devil
in disguise

But there's a something about you baby
that shakes me all up inside
You're a real heartbreaker, but I need
ya just the same

You're a smooth operator
And it thrills me to call your name
Sweet sweet baby how you satisfy
Sweet sweet baby you set my soul on
fire
Sweet sweet baby how you satisfy weel
sweet.

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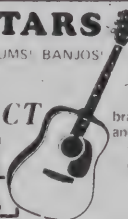
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THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL

(As recorded by Shaun Cassidy)

ERIC CARMEN

Well I was sixteen and sick of school
I didn't know what I wanted to do
I bought a guitar I got the fever
That's rock 'n' roll.

I played at parties played in bars
I spent my money buyin' new guitars
I screamed my heart out but how I loved
it
That's rock 'n' roll.

Well come on everybody get down and
get with it
Come on everybody get down.

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SUNFLOWER

(As recorded by Glen Campbell)

NEIL DIAMOND

Sunflower good mornin'
You sure do make it like a sunny day
Sunflower fair warnin'
I'm gonna love you if you come my way.

Now if there's a chance that romance
will find you
Better not find you lookin' the other way
Now isn't it time you finally take it
'N' make it so real it'll steal your breath
away
Hey, hey, hey.

Sunflower good mornin'
You sure do make it like a sunny time
Sun mornin' good mornin'
And someday child I'm gonna make you
mine.

Well if there's a chance that romance
will find you
Better not find you lookin' the other way
And isn't it time you finally take it
'N' make it so real it'll steal your breath
away
Hey, hey, hey.

Sunflower good mornin'
You sure do make it like a sunny time
Sunflower sweet mornin'
For ev'ry time I'm gonna make you
mine.

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MARGARITAVILLE

(As recorded by Jimmy Buffett)

JIMMY BUFFETT

Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the
sun bake

All of those tourists covered with oil
Strummin' my six-string on my front
porch swing

Smell those shrimp they're beginning to
boil.

Wastin' away again in Margaritaville
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
Some people claim that there's a
woman to blame
But I know it's nobody's fault.

Don't know the reason I stayed here all
season

With nothing to show but this brand
new tattoo

But it's a real beauty a Mexican cutie
How it got here I haven't a clue.

Wastin' away again in Margaritaville
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
Some people claim that there's a
woman to blame
Now I think hell, it could be my fault.

I blew out my flip-flop stepped on a
pop-top
Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home
But there's booze in the blender and
soon it will render
That frozen concoction that helps me
hang on.

Wastin' away again in Margaritaville
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
Some people claim that there's a
woman to blame
But I know it's my own damn fault.

Yes, and some people claim that there's
a woman to blame
And I know it's my own damn fault.

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DON'T WORRY BABY

(As recorded by B.J. Thomas)

BRIAN WILSON
ROGER CHRISTIAN

Well it's been building up inside of me
for oh I don't know how long
I don't know why but I keep thinkin'
something's bound to go wrong
But she looks in my eyes
And makes me realize when she says.

Don't worry baby
Ev'rything will work out all right
Don't worry baby oo.

I guess I should-a kept my mouth shut
when I start to brag about my car
But I can't back down now because I
pushed the other guys too far
She makes me come alive
And makes me wanna drive when she
says.

Don't worry baby
Ev'rything will work out all right
Don't worry baby oo.

She said now baby when you race today
just take along my love for you
And if you knew how much I loved you
baby

Nothing could go wrong with you
Oh what she does to me
When she makes love to me and she
says.

Don't worry baby
Ev'rything will work out all right.

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I SHO' LIKE GROOVING WITH YA

(As recorded by Johnny Bristol)

JOHNNY BRISTOL

Sho' like grooving with ya
Love those little things you do baby
Said I sho' like grooving with ya
I love everything ya do girl
Well my world is upside down
You've got my ceiling on the ground
Girl and now my bottom's at the top
Ah sometimes I feel I'm gonna drop
Girl you've got me high on love's good
feeling

You keep trying ah 'til I'm revealing
All the joy I'm concealing
Said I sho' like grooving with ya.
I love those little things you do babe
Ooh I said I sho' like grooving with ya
I love everything that you do
I see two lovers overhead
A clear reflection of my bed
We're like poetry in motion baby
As we ride the waves of the ocean girl
You've got me high and I love the feel-
ing you keep trying
Ah 'til I'm revealing all of this joy I'm
receiving

And I sho' like grooving with ya
I love those little things you do babe
Swear it's true girl
I sho' like grooving with ya
I love everything everything everything
that ya do.

Lover's trippin', skinny dippin', steady
movin'
Sho' like grooving.

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KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE

(As recorded by KC & The Sunshine Band)

H.W. CASEY
R. FINCH

Keep it comin' love
Keep it comin' love
Don't stop it now, don't stop it no
Don't stop it now, don't stop it
Keep it comin' love
Keep it comin' love
Don't stop it now, don't stop it no
Don't stop it now, don't stop it.
Don't let your well run dry
Don't stop it now
Don't give me no reasons why
Don't stop it now.
Keep it comin' love
Keep it comin' love
Don't stop it now, don't stop it no
Don't stop it now, don't stop it
Keep it comin' love

Keep it comin' love
Don't stop it now, don't stop it no
Don't stop it now, don't stop it.
Don't build me up just to let me drop
Don't stop it now
Don't turn me on just to turn me off
Don't stop it now.
(Repeat chorus)
Don't tell me there ain't no more
Don't stop it now
Don't turn me down and just close your door
Don't stop it now ooh
Keep it comin' love
Oh yeah.
(Repeat chorus)
Keep it comin' love
Keep it comin' love
Keep it comin' love
Keep it comin' love.

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THE SOUL OF A MAN

(As recorded by Bobby Bland)

BOBBY BLAND
AL BRAGGS

It ain't been too long
Since love walked out of here
And I'm at the point of tryin' to be
Oh Lord I feel
I went to see a matchmaker
To find myself a lady
She said: "Come back and see me again
Love when you've got your heart on a string"
You took the soul of man
Baby you took the soul of a man
Oh since you left me
Baby since you left me.
Ain't no sense in goin' on

'Cause I can't have no fun
I just come home in the evenin'
Lord after my work is all done
Waiting for the teardrops
I know will soon appear
It's been this way yeah every day
Love since you walked out of here
And taken with you the soul of a man
Baby you took the soul of a man
Oh when you left me
Baby when you left me.

You stripped me of my love
You took all of my pride
Ah you took the soul, the soul of a man
(You made me feel so miserable, baby).

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PLATINUM HEROES

(As recorded by Bruce Foster)

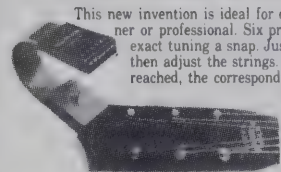
BRUCE FOSTER

I remember nineteen-sixty-four
There was nothing playing on the radio
The scene was folky rock and roll was hokey
Seems the world was at an all time low
Then I saw them singing on the t.v.
Mop top shoutin' rock mersey beats and harmony.
Platinum heroes better than gold
Loved by the world for the records they sold
Greater than legends bigger than dreams
Hiding in jets and black limousines
I hear the music I hear the screams oh yeah.
By sixty-six all the world let its hair grow
I was there at Shea for the last show

The crowd was screaming lonely hearts were dreaming
I hid the tears as they turned to go
The sergeant pepper brought us to attention
Opened up our minds and gave us new directions.
We dub for clues back in nineteen-seventy
They crossed the road but we just couldn't let them be
We saw the hangman priest and the prisoner
Followed close by the gray haired digger
Dropping tabs and playing back hidden incantations
Revelations number nine and wearing black carnation.

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ON AND ON

(As recorded by Stephen Bishop)

STEPHEN BISHOP

Down in Jamaica
They got lots of pretty women
Steal your money then they break your
heart
Lonesome Sue she's in love with ol' Sam
She take him from the fire into the fry-
ing pan.
On and on
She just keeps on trying
And she smiles when she feels like cry-
ing
On and on.
Poor ol' Jimmy
Sits alone in the moonlight
He saw his woman kiss another man
So he takes a ladder steals the stars
from the sky

Puts on Sinatra and starts to cry.
(Repeat chorus)

When the first time is the last time
It can make you feel so bad
But if you know it, show it
Hold on tight
Don't let her say, "Goodnight."

I got the sun on my shoulders
And my toes in the sand
My woman's left me for some other man
Aw, but I don't care
I'll just dream and stay tan
Toss up my heart to see where it lands.

On and on
I just keep on trying
And I smile when I feel like dying
On and on
On and on.

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COLD AS ICE

(As recorded by Foreigner)

MICK JONES LOU GRAMM

You're as cold as ice
You're willing to sacrifice our love.
You never take advice
Someday you'll pay the price
I know.
I've seen it before
It happens all the time
Closing the door
You leave the world behind
You're digging for gold
Yet throwing away
A fortune in feelings
But someday you'll pay.

You're as cold as ice
You're willing to sacrifice our love
You want paradise
Someday you'll pay the price
I know.
I've seen it before
It happens all the time
Closing the door
You leave the world behind
You're digging for gold
Yet throwing away
A fortune in feelings
But someday you'll pay.
Cold as ice
You know that you are
Cold as ice
Ooh ooh ooh
Cold as cold as ice.

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EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE

(As recorded by Bee Gees)

BARRY GIBB ROBIN GIBB

Just my dog and I at the edge of the
universe
Well, I didn't wanna bring her and I
know it'll make her worse
Now I look out on forever
And it must be nice down there
And they call me Shenandora in the air.
Well I'm ten feet tall, but I'm only three
feet wide
And I live inside an ocean that flows on
the other side
If I came back down tomorrow
Would it all be far too soon?
And it looks like it's gonna be a lovely
afternoon.
It's been my longest journey and I've
come through the black of night
I was tired and hungry when I saw your

distant light
Well I know this may sound crazy
But I'm sure I got here first
I'm just me, Shenandora, at the edge of
the universe.
Just my dog and I at the edge of the
universe
Well, I didn't wanna bring her and I
know it'll make her worse
Now I look out on forever
And it must be nice down there
And they call me Shenandora in the air
At the edge of the universe
At the edge of the universe.
I thought that I was going home
And all the way I kept on prayin'
I couldn't stop to turn around
Well, here I am and here I'm stayin'.

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IT'S A CRAZY WORLD

(As recorded by Mac McAnally)

MAC McANALLY

Younger men don't seem to need a purpose

They just stand and fight for anybody's cause

And older men see livin' as a circus
The ones who stand up for the longest
need applause

From the young ones who proclaim to
have the answers to the questions

No one ever asked before
And they cheer and have parades
But when it's over they don't claim
To know the answers anymore.

And it's a crazy world, but I live here
And if you can hear me singin' so do you
And I'm turnin' out my night light
Feelin' satisfied that there's nothin'
Anyone of us can do

No, there's nothin' anyone of us can do.
Babies cry all day sometimes for nothin'
And I have cried all day for not much
more

Well it ain't easy when you hate the
things you're lovin'

And you wonder what or maybe who
you're lovin' for

And girls seem to think that they're the
chosen ones

And women choose to let well enough
alone

And it's their business 'til you stick your
nose in one's

And then you've got yourself some
problems of your own.

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FLOAT ON

(As recorded by Floaters)

MARVIN WILLIS
ARNOLD INGRAM
JAMES MITCHELL

Aquarius, Libra, Leo Cancer

Float float on

Float on float on

Take my hand come with me ba ba to
love land

Let me show you how sweet it could be
Sharing love here with me
I want you to float on float on.

Ralph, Charles, Paul, Larry

Float float on float on float on

Take my hand come with me ba ba to
love land

Let me show you how sweet it could be
Sharing love here with me.

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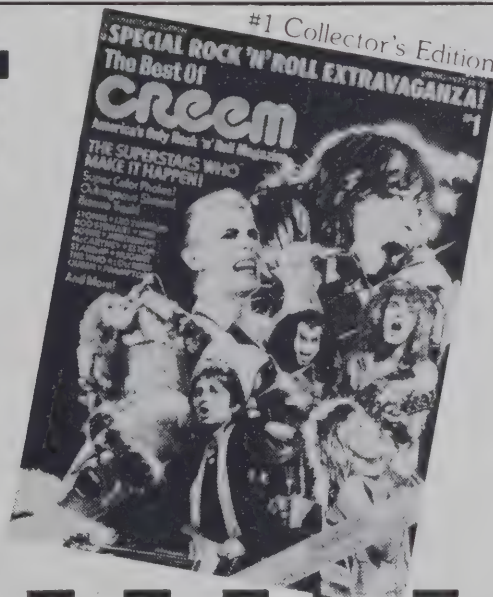
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I'M IN YOU

(As recorded by Peter Frampton)

PETER FRAMPTON

I don't care where I go, when I'm with
you
When I cry, you don't laugh, 'cause you
know me.

I'm in you, you're in me
I'm in you, you're in me
'Cause you gave me the love, love that I
never had
Yes, you gave me the love, love that I
never had.

You and I, don't pretend, we make love
I can't feel any more, that I'm singing
You gave me the love, love that I never
had

I don't care, where I go, when I'm with,
with you
Yeah I'm in you.

Times so fly when you think, of last fall
You can't buy, what they made, you
and I

Oh I'm in you, you're in me
I'm in you, you're in me
'Cause you gave the love, love that I
never had.

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(As recorded by War)

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HAROLD R. BROWN
MORRIS DICKERSON
LEROY "LONNIE" JORDAN
CHARLES W. MILLER
LEE OSKAR
HOWARD SCOTT
JERRY GOLDSTEIN

Me get high off the sunshine
Ev'ry day the same
Me groovin'
Got no time keep movin'
Keep me movin'.

L.A. is my home town
It's a funky town
Get on down, get on down, get on down
Get on down, get on down, get on down
In my funky town, in my funky town.

Me get high off the sunshine
Get on down, get on down, get on
down.

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FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

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By using the same Chant, you too may attract a fortune, a new car, a house in the country, stylish clothes. You simply take any amount you can believe in, from \$10,000 to a million dollars, and say this Mystic Chant!

What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

How do they bring riches, luxury, comfort,

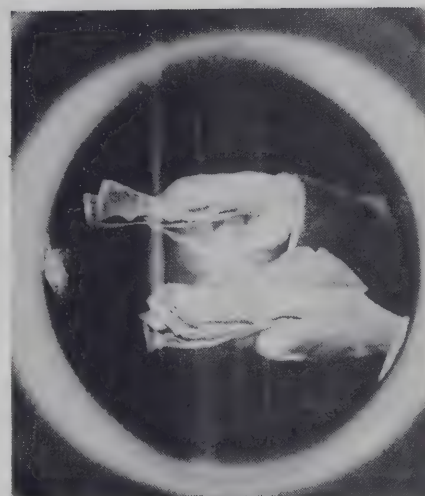
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When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract \$150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!



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Your Questions About Mystic Chants Answered

Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y- k- I l- y-." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

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Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M.'s wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n- b- t- m- o- p- h- p-." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o- w- c- p- a- c- s- a- p-." ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n- l- m- m- a- b- c- w- t- p- p- o- r- g- h-." and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found \$15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed \$1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w- t- s- o- o- t- d- s- l- c- p- t- s-." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice

at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant. The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.

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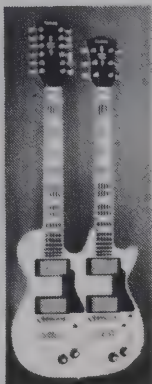
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SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC (Slow Dancing)

(As recorded by Johnny Rivers)

JACK TEMPCHIN

It's late at night and we're all alone
With just the music of the radio
No one's comin', no one's gonna
telephone
Just me and her and the lights down
low.

And we're slow dancin' swayin' to the
music

Slow dancin' just me and my girl
Slow dancin' swayin' to the music
No one else in the whole wide world
In the whole wide world.

And we just flow together when the
lights are low

And the shadows dancing across the
wall

The music's playing so soft and low
And the rest of the world's so far away
and small.

When we're slow dancin' swayin' to the
music

Slow dancin' just me and my girl
Slow dancin' swayin' to the music
No one else in the whole wide world
In the whole wide world.

Hold me, she said hold me
I'll never let her go.

And as we danced together in the dark
There's so much love in this heart of
mine

She whispers to me and I hold her tight
She's the one I thought I'd never find.

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SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE

(As recorded by Sanford-Townsend
Band)

ED SANFORD
JOHN TOWNSEND
STEVEN STEWART

You left me here on your way to
paradise

You pulled the chair right out from
under my life

I know where you go to
I knew when you came home last night
'Cause your eyes had a mist from the
smoke of a distant fire.

Lord I was strong should have seen it
come long time ago
When I realized the reality gave me a
roll

If things are the same then explain why
your kiss is so cold

And that mist in your eyes feels like rain
on the fire of my soul.

This lying and crying's upsetting and
getting nowhere

It don't stack up so slack up and pack up
I just don't care

Don't let the screen door hit you on your
way out

Don't you drown when your dream boat
runs onto the ground

I'd just like to know do you love him or
just makin' time

By fillin' the glass with your fast flowin'
bitter sweet line

Well, he'll face the after taste when you
come home late some night

With your eyes all a mist from the smoke
of a distant fire

Girl, your eyes have a mist from the
smoke of a distant fire.

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PARTY LIGHTS

(As recorded by Natalie Cole)

TENNYSON STEPHENS

I see the party lights shining in the night
Make me feel all right

I see the party lights shining in the night
Make me feel all right.

I see reflections growing in the air
Telling me the way to move

I feel the spirit and it's ev'rywhere
Telling me it's time to groove

I see the party lights shining in the night
Make me feel all right

I see the party lights shining in the night
Make me feel all right.

I must get out, I'm going crazy here
The time has come for me to say
Goodbye to all the things I used to fear

So long to lonely yesterdays
I see the party lights shining in the night

Make me feel all right
I see the party lights shining in the night

Make me feel all right.

Come on party with the children
Come on party with me

Down, get down, get down
Come on party with me children

Come on party with me
Down, get down.

I've got to leave here and I won't look
back

I've seen tomorrow in disguise
I've got the sunshine in a paper sack

I've got new wings and I can fly.
(Repeat chorus)

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes...

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life... an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it... no matter how much they may not want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—you alone decide when things should start... stop... change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now; however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to..." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you \$1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, it's done! The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not why!

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work... One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command..." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please... I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money... and it's there! You want some affection... you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet... the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks... Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left... she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell...

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

your neighbors won't say... your boss keeps quiet about... ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you... and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience... time after time. For example...

A STRANGER HANDS HIM \$500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him \$500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all... things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming... Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically. After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME... for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies... a rising tide of good fortune!

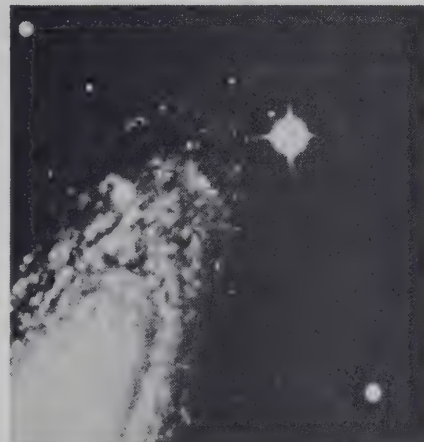
MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just minutes away!
Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

- The amazing power you now possess
- How to get something for nothing
- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
- You can get rich quickly and easily
- "Instant" money can be yours
- A magic spell that works living miracles
- How this secret can bring you anything you desire
- Help from the invisible world
- How to "Tune In" on the secret thoughts of others
- The greatest love spell of all
- Formula for a happy marriage
- How to dissolve all kinds of evil
- How to win the future of your choice

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contacting her by letter or phone. From far away... he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief... And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE... filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world... and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of THE MIRACLE OF PSYCHO-COMMAND POWER by Scott Reed! I understand the book is mine for only \$8.98. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only \$1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?

Now, an astonishing book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. "All opinions stated here accurately reflect my views," says Reese P. Dubin, author. In his book he makes this shocking claim...

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you..."

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her—out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time—commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk—and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument—called a Tele-Photo Transmitter—that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands..."

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head. I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody—high or low, ignorant or wise—all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could

"tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR—SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there—standing before him, as real as life—was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There—smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting—stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument—your mental equipment—requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire—called a Photo-Form—then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning... a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets... a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love... draw favors, gifts, new friends... or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others... men and women in all walks of life... worked every time... and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money... easily enough to tide him over... What made him discover this forgotten cash?

Wins A Fortune

Armand H. reportedly used this power to actually "break the bank" at Monte Carlo. Using Telecult Power, he could forecast the run of the bobbing roulette ball... and tell roughly nine times out of ten whether the wheel would come up red or black, and almost every night the exact winning number. After a week—Armand H. had



a fortune in his bank account—and spent the rest of his life helping others!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #8 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few...

• **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** You'll see how a man had tension headaches so severe they were squeezing the hair out of his head. He tried this method, and his headaches vanished—and his hair resumed a luxuriant growth!

• **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** As reported on TV, you'll see how a man used this power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with \$500,000!

• **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

— MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY! —

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only \$8.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only \$1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same moneyback guarantee.

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STOMPED, BEAT UP AND WHOOPED

(As recorded by Graham Central Station)

LARRY GRAHAM

You left me stomped, beat up and whooped when you went away
You left me stomped, beat up and whooped I remember that day oh
I didn't really mean, mean the things I said when I was seventeen
I was only tryin' to get next to you.

You left me stomped, beat up and whooped
You really broke my heart
You left me stomped, beat up and whooped
You really tore it apart oh.

One thing I can't stand is a whooped, stomped beat up man
If I come back to you, tell me what would you do?

You left me stomped, beat up and whooped
You made a grown man cry
You left me stomped, beat up and whooped
I feel like I could die.

Oh no don't blame me for your fate
You started acting right a little late
Somewhere in this world you'll find a new girl
And you won't be.

Stomped, beat up and whooped
And I won't be stomped, beat up and whooped
Stomped, beat up and whooped.

And I won't be stomped, beat up and whooped
Oh oh oh stomped, beat up and whooped.

Boy
You left me
Background
Stomped, beat up and whooped
Boy

When you went away, you left me
Background
Stomped, beat up and whooped
Boy
I remember that day.

Girl
Oh, oh, oh
I didn't really mean the things I said when I was seventeen
I was only trying to get next to you.

Boy
You left me
Background
Stomped, beat up and whooped
Boy
You really broke my heart, you left me
Background
Stomped, beat up and whooped
Boy
You really tore it apart.

Girl
Oh, oh, oh
One thing I can't stand is a whooped,

stomped beat up man
If I come back to you, tell me what would you do.

Boy
You left me
Background
Stomped, beat up and whooped
Boy
You made a grown man cry
You left me
Background
Stomped, beat up and whooped
Boy
I feel like I could die.

Girl
Oh no don't blame me for your fate
You started acting right a little late
Somewhere in this world you'll find a new girl

And you won't be.
Background
Stomped, beat up and whooped
Boy
And I won't be
Background
Stomped, beat up and whooped
Girl
And I won't be
Background
Stomped, beat up and whooped
Girl
Oh, oh, oh
Background
Stomped, beat up and whooped.

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JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO

(As recorded by Crosby, Stills & Nash)

GRAHAM NASH

Just a song before I go
To whom it may concern
Trav'ling twice the speed of sound
It's easy to get burned
When the shows were over, we had to get back home
And when we opened up the door
I had to be alone.

She helped me with my suitcase
She stands before my eyes
Driving me to the airport and to the "friendly skies"
Going through security, I held her for so long
She fin'ly looked at me in love
And she was gone.

Just a song before I go
A lesson to be learned
Trav'ling twice the speed of sound
It's easy to get burned.

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LOSE AGAIN

(As recorded by Linda Ronstadt)

KARLA BONOFF

Save me, free me
From my heart this time
The train's gone down the track
And I've stayed behind.

But nothin' can free me from this ball and chain
I made up my mind I would leave today
But you're keepin' me goin', I know it's insane
Because I love you and lose again.

When the heart calls, the mind obeys
Oh, it knows better than me, baby
And if I hold on for one more day
Oh maybe, oh maybe he'll be true.

But nothin' can free me from this ball and chain
I made up my mind I would leave today
But you're keepin' me goin', I know it's insane
Because I love you and lose again.

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CAN'T WE JUST SIT DOWN AND TALK IT OVER

(As recorded by Donna Summer)

TONY MACAULAY

The one and only night you don't need to leave at all
The car rolls up outside on time
A moment from your call
A handshake seems more fitting than a kiss
It's such a shame that you and I should have to end like this.

Can't we just sit down and talk it over
Surely you can ask the man to wait
Strange that you're the one so set on leaving
When I'm the one who said last night that it was all too late
Hold on, hold on
Surely you and I can talk it out.

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ONE OF THEM IS ME

(As recorded by Andrew Gold)

ANDREW GOLD

There's a girl I know
So far away from here
She's got a lover
She's got a friend
And she got someone who's always
near.

One of this is me
And I don't know who
One of them is me
And I don't know who
Oh look into my eyes
Tell me what you see
One of them is me
And I don't know who.

She's got so many men
Who long to love her
To feel her body next to theirs
Or just to understand her.

One of them is me
And I don't know who
One of them is me
And I don't know who.
Oh come to me sweet baby
I'm in love with you
And I can't stop it now
You're a part of me
Oh save me from you
What can I do
She loves a man
Who makes her feel lonely
She loves a man
Who makes her feel so guilty.

(Repeat chorus)

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TELEPHONE LINE

(As recorded by Electric Light Orchestra)

JEFF LYNNE

Hello, how are you
Have you been alright
Thru all those lonely, lonely, lonely,
lonely, lonely nights
That's what I'd say
I'd tell you ev'rything if you'd pick up
that telephone yeah yeah yeah.

Hey how you feelin'
Are you still the same
Don't you realize the things we did, we
did were all for real not a dream
I just can't believe they've all faded out
of view

Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Oo oo oo oo.

Doo da wop
Doo bee doo da wop

Doo wah doo lang
Blue days, black nights
Doo wah doo lang
I look into the sky
Your luck ain't really gonna see you
through

And I wonder why the little things are
fin'ly comin' true
Oh oh telephone line
Give me some time
I'm living in twilight
Oh oh telephone line
Give me some time
I'm living in twilight.

O.K., so no one's answering
Well can't you just let it ring a little
longer, longer, longer
Oh I'll just sit tight through shadows of
the night

Let it ring for evermore.

(Repeat chorus)

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WALK RIGHT IN

(As recorded by Dr. Hook)

GUS CANNON
H. WOODS

Walk right in set right down
Daddy let your mind roll on
Walk right in set right down
Daddy let your mind roll on
Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout a new way o'
walkin'

Do you want-a lose your mind
Walk right in set right down
Daddy let your mind roll on
Daddy let your mind roll on.

Walk right in set right down
Baby let your hair hang down
Walk right in set right down
Baby let your hair hang down
Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout a new way o'
walkin'

Do you want-a lose your mind
Walk right in set right down
Baby let your hair hang down
Baby let your hair hang down.

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YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC

(As recorded by Bay City Rollers)

LEN BOONE

I believed all love had gone
Had no strength to carry on
Thought my world was upside down
The day you walked into my life
Went to work to set things right
What's the secret that you used?
Oh you made me believe in magic
The moment I gazed into your eyes
Well you made me believe in magic
Your love brought magic to my life.
Now I'm filled with a new sense to be
You gave my life harmony
Love and you are all I, all I need
Oh you.

Made me believe in magic the moment I
gazed into your eyes
Well you made me believe in magic
Your love brought magic to my life.

Stay until our lives have to end
To leave would be such a sin
Girl you are my ev'ry, ev'rything
Oh you.

Made me believe in magic the moment I
gazed into your eyes
Well you made me believe in magic
Your love brought magic to my life.
Oh you made me believe in magic
The moment I gazed into your eyes
Well you made me believe in magic
Your love brought magic to my life.

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HANDY MAN

(As recorded by James Taylor)

OTIS BLACKWELL
JIMMY JONES

Hey girls, gather round
Because of what I'm puttin' down
Oh baby, I'm your handy man
I'm not the kind that uses pencil or rule
I'm handy with the love and I'm no fool
I fix broken hearts, I know I really can
If your broken heart needs repair
I'm the man to see
I whisper sweet things
You tell all your friends
And they'll come running to me.
Here is the main thing I want to say
I'm busy twenty-four hours a day
I fix broken hearts
I know I really can.

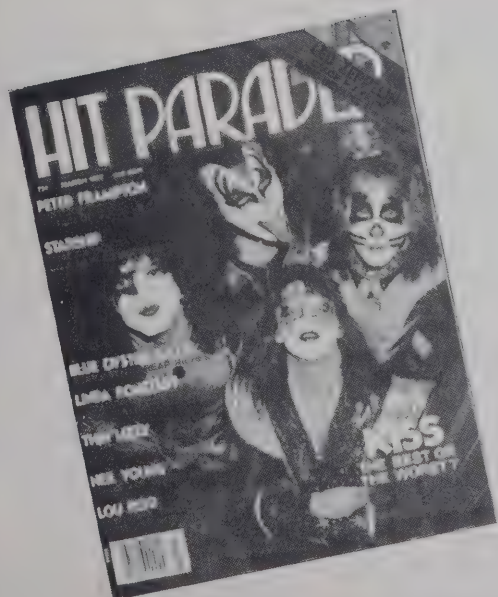
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- ▲ EL&P STEPHEN TYLER ■
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- JANIS JOPLIN KISS DESTROYER ■
- HENDRIX THREE DOG NIGHT ■
- SWEET ROGER DALTRY ■●
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SAVE ME

(As recorded by Merrile Rush)

JIMMY CARROL

Here I'm still a spinning, still a spinning
round
Turning ever turning, Lord I'm running
down
Sure I'm tired of living, living all alone
Times I get the feeling
I'm the only one
I've just been wondering
If you could please
Send the final thundering
Give me my peace.
Sure I was a virgin shiny virgin queen
My whole world a coming, Lord you
must be mean
Here he come to hurt me, rape me to the
bone
I'm so tired of feeling, feeling all alone
I've just been wondering
If you could please
Send the final thundering
Give me release.
Save me, save me, save me, save me
Save me, save me, save me, save me
Save me, save me, save me, save me
I've just been wondering.

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STRAWBERRY LETTER 23

(As recorded by Brothers Johnson)

SHUGGIE OTIS

Hello my love
I heard a kiss from you
Red magic satin playin' near too
All thru the morning rain I gaze
The sun doesn't shine
The rainbow and waterfalls run thru my
mind
In the garden I see the west purple
shower bell and tea
Orange bird and river cousins dressed in
green
Pretty music I hear so happy and loud
Blue flower echo from a cherry cloud
Feel sun shine sparkle pink and blue
Playgrounds will laugh if you try to ask
is it cool, is it cool?
If you arrived and don't see me
I'm gonna be with my baby
I am free
Flyin' in her arms over the sea.
Stained window yellow candy screen
See speakers of kite with velvet roses
diggin'
Freedom flight
A present from you
Strawberry letter twenty-two
The music play I sit in for a few.

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GIVE A LITTLE BIT

(As recorded by Supertramp)

RICK DAVIES
ROGER HODGSON

Give a little bit
Give a little bit of your love to me
Give a little bit
I'll give a little bit of my love to you
There's so much that we need to share
So send a smile and show you care.
I'll give a little bit
I'll give a little bit of my life for you
So give a little bit
Give a little bit of your time to me
See the man with the lonely eyes
Oh take his hand you'll be surprised.
Give a little bit
Give a little bit of your love to me
Give a little bit
I'll give a little bit of my life for you
Now's the time that we need to share
So find yourself we're on our way back
home
Oh going home
Don't you need, don't you need to feel at
home
Oh yeah we gotta sing.

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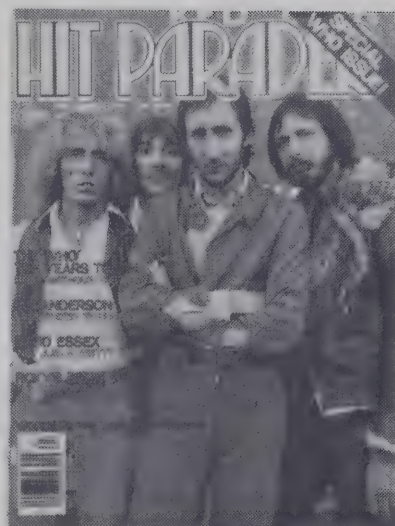
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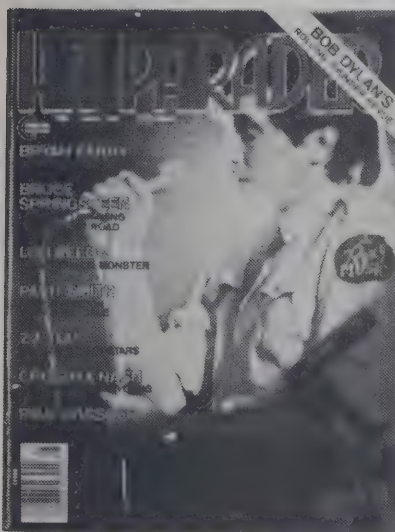
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CARLY SIMON

(continued from page 37)

looming up in front of me saying 'use me, use me,' or had particularly asked me to make a record.

"It was just a matter of time before Richard and I had sort of worn out each other's new ideas so that both of us needed some sort

of outside stimulation, somebody with some new input. I wanted to work with Ted Templeton because I had heard the records he had made and James had been very impressed by him too.

"Recently, being with my child has really been very enticing to me. And I just sort of felt that my ability to love and give to somebody else has definitely increased. You know, I just see the enor-

mous power of love. The love I feel for Sarah is just wonderful so it's been a very expansive thing for me and I'm very glad I am a mother and will continue to be so.

"But as far as my work, I just have to be much more organized than I was. If I'm organized I can get to do the things I want to do - work, and be a mother and a wife, and see my friends and go shopping and read and

everything. As long as I'm organized I can get to do most of the things that I want to do. But I do have a tendency to get lazy and to think well, I'll just stay in bed a couple more hours. You can't do that when you have a kid but unless I kind of make an agenda for my day, I find that I don't do an awful lot of the things that I'd like to do." □ D. Zimmerman and B. Michaels.

If I had my way I would work with a different producer every album, just because I like to be constantly learning and having different influences



HALL AND OATES

(continued from page 28)

we've had top 10 singles, it seems normal to me.)

"Having a No. 1 hit didn't change me personally," John says now. "It just seems like it's the next step, you know. We've sort of taken it in stride. It hasn't really hit us over the head.

"But financially, of course, it made things better. We improved our staging, have a bigger P.A. system, added stuff to our equipment, things like that. Now, we have a big stage show, but it's not a production ... no flash pots, just a straight show."

After Hall and Oates finished the LP they began what they refer to as a "major tour" and played "everywhere."

Do they feel locked into all this business?

"All I do is work," admits Daryl. "I would like to take off a little bit. I feel like I'm completely governed by this whole thing right now, and I don't have a minute to spend by myself.

"I like the challenge of having to constantly make myself better, but committing yourself to being in certain places, and trying to reach as many people as possible, that gets me kind of crazy sometimes."

Yet, even with all this work as a team, both Daryl and John have solo albums planned. John's postponed his, but Daryl began his over the summer.

"I have a strong need to do one," he says, "because I write about four times as many songs as John does, and a lot of them have been moldering away for two years. They're great songs, but they don't quite fit our albums.

"There's a conflict between our styles," Daryl said, "but I wouldn't say that there's a conflict between us."

"Perhaps the basic thing is that Daryl writes on piano and I write on guitar," says John.

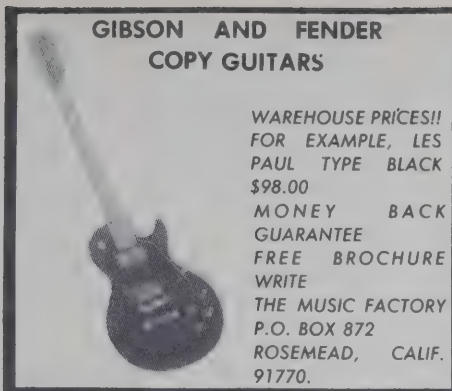
"I mean, you take Elton John and you take Cat Stevens and there you have two composers — one who writes on piano and one who writes on guitar. The songs are never the same. If you take two piano players and compare their song styles, you can find similarities because there are certain kinds of chord inversions and certain rhythmic things that you can do on a keyboard that you can't do on a guitar.

"Over the years, from working together, we sort of met somewhere in the middle. His style coming my way, my style going his so that we had what we call the Daryl Hall — John Oates sound, whatever that is.

"But his songs are basically piano songs whereas my songs are basically guitar songs and never the twain shall meet."

"I like working with John, and we're not bored," says Daryl now. "It's just that it's something we know we can do, and we've had to transcend that challenge. Now we have other challenges that we meet collectively." □ L. Robinson and D. Zimmerman.

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THROUGH THE PAST OBSCURELY

(continued from page 39)

"Guitar Boogie Shuffle" should be on the must - learn list of every aspiring guitarist), Viscounts (the steaming "Harlem Nocturne"), Duane Eddy, Scotty Moore Trio (yes!), Jerry Lee Lewis on a rocking piano workout under the name of The Hawk, the Fendermen, the Fireballs, and even an adolescent Johnny "Guitar" Watson; one glittering showstopper after another. *Rock 'n Roll Instrumental Vol. 2* might seem staid by comparison (its cast of unknowns include Johnny Paris Band, the Rockin R's, and a dozen others), but is in a sense more typical of the form, and how it must have sounded across the local hops and dances of America, late on a Friday night, with the backdrop of motor exhausts revving in the parking lot and the band, under a rainbow of streamers and Japanese lanterns, doin' steps.

Ike Turner, in a whole other universe, might have been able to appreciate that, and *I'm Tore Up* (Red Lightnin' 0016), a definitive gathering of the work of Ike Turner's Kings Of Rhythm, allows a major insight into why. Recorded during late summer of 1956 in Cincinnati, the album proffers Ike and his band during the pre-Tina years, when they seemingly covered every form of R&B extant, all to notably good advantage. Billy Galyes is the main singer on *I'm Tore Up*, a deep, husky voice that conjures Bobby Bland in its richness, but it's Ike as a guitarist who will reduce your walls to rubble. The mystery man behind Tina is revealed as a genuine Stratomaster, bouncing his instrument around by the sway bar until the tremolo threatens to bend the back of the song itself. "Just One More Time!" shouts Gayle, and he's off again. This man is dangerous!

They took it a little easier in the 1920's. There, guitar musicians honed their skills

with the primary thought of functioning as studio musicians, backing in orchestras, and developing a disciplined, economical approach that nonetheless might provide a wide range of colors and textures. They took their solo careers on the side, playing alone or in duet, and though Django Reinhardt and Charlie Christian are generally looked on as the beginnings of jazz guitar, *Pioneers of the Jazz Guitar* (Yazoo 1057) shows it just ain't so. Led by Eddie Lang, the single-stringed genius of Lonnie Johnson, Nick Lucas, Dick McDonough, and deeper into the underworld, these artists forged a new approach to guitar, and in so doing, created a need for a music built on the guitar. All roads lead to rock and roll.

Oops, sorry about that. I didn't know this mike was live. "Howdy, friends ... it's Health and Happiness time with the old lovesick blues boy, Hank Williams, Miss Audrey, and all the singing cowboys..."

The radio blares out of the kitchen onto the porch. A time-slide? *Country Western Radio* (Radiola 1069) is four complete radio shows offered for syndication between 1949 and 1952, featuring Hank (in fine fettle this broadcast), the Roy Acuff Show, Carson Robison and his Buckaroos, and the Sons of the Pioneers Show. There's a lot of pickin' and grinnin', sour jokes, sour-fuller steels, rural hominess, and a view of country music at a time when it spoke solely to its own. Radiola specializes in old radio recordings, and a more complete catalogue can be obtained from Box H, Croton - on - Hudson, N.Y. 10520.

Steel guitars were not indigenous to C&W twangers, but a product of the Hawaiian islands, who bequeathed them to American music, in the form of blues bottlenecking, slide guitar with open tunings, and a raft of other string innovations that might even include the sustain and vibrato of the present day electric. *Hawaiian Guitar Hot Shots* (Yazoo 1055) is a marvelous collection of

"Tickling The Strings" (King Benny Nawahi) from the form's prominent height in the 1920's and 30's, when Kane's Hawaiians, Roy Smeck, Sol Hoopii and the Hauulea Entertainers amazed audiences with their nimble-fingered adroitness.

Many of the works here are not specifically Hawaiian - some utilize American melodies and rhythms - but all are performed with a skill and daring belied by current practitioners like Don Ho. Thankfully, after a long period of dormancy, Hawaiian music is once again reasserting itself. The recent *Gabby Pahinui Hawaiian Band* (Warner Bros. 3023) shows traditional Island consciousness at work and play, combining with guest artist Ry Cooder to present a fragile, slack-keyed beauty that ripples and sways with its own inner momentum.

From Elvis to Hawaii might seem a dizzying journey (but not so strange if you consider that the Pres has made not one, but two cinematic pilgrimages: *Blue Hawaii* and *Paradise Hawaiian Style*); still, the ties that bind these records together are natural and unforced, and the earnest artistry within them transcends myth. Most can be found and ordered through the superior service of John Harmer's Southern Record Sales, 42 North Lake Ave., Pasadena, Calif. 91101, who have combined efficiency and love for what they're doing into a very unique mail-order house specializing in "specialties". Their strong suit is blues, but they also carry long catalog listings for country, western swing, 1950's rock and roll and rock - a - billy, Cajun folk music, folk music from the British Isles, Irish music, international musics, varieties of ancient jazz, auctions of blues 45's, related books, and imports from such strange areas as Japan where ironically they seem to treat this incomparable legacy with a great deal more respect than here. Time, as usual, waits for no one. □



The album cover for 'Nik and the Band' by Elton John features a circular porthole-like frame. Inside the frame, a man in a space suit is visible against a dark, starry background. The word 'Elton' is written in a large, stylized script at the top of the cover.

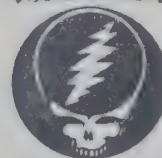


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BLONDIE

(continued from page 25)

on the floor.

People started screaming and running for cover, blood spattered everywhere. The black hooker with the big jugs tried to dive over the counter to safety, but only reached halfway when the top of her head exploded and bits of brain and bone skidded about fifteen feet down the counter and slammed into the cash register. The now decapitated body fell to the floor and a pool of crimson red quickly encircled it. The balding short order cook stared in disbelief at the bloodied bits that once was someone's head, littering his cash register and a full blast of hot slugs ripped through his chest and slammed him back flat against a refrigerator. Blood bubbled from his gaping mouth and he clutched his chest trying to hold his guts from falling out onto the floor. He slid slowly down the fridge and disappeared behind the counter. I doubted if he was still alive by the time he hit the floor.

Across the room one of the fat white hookers lay sprawled out on the floor, her side gutted by gunfire and her insides oozing out and blending into the black dirt on the floor. The other hookers and the shopping bag lady huddled down at the far end of the counter screaming, crying and yelling out obscenities. The drunk finally awoke and lifted his head out of

the chili. He looked around wide-eyed, trying to fathom what was going on, when a spray of bullets caught him in both knees, sending him sprawling on the floor. His head smashed down on the floor with a loud crack. He slowly picked himself up off the floor and a single bullet smashed into his forehead and right straight out the back of his head. He dropped back to the floor with a thud. Just then, the shopping bag lady darted out from her secure hiding place and tried to gather up a few of her belongings. She snatched up some of her junk but was cut to ribbons before she made three steps back towards the end of the counter.

I looked over at Debbie and Chris crouched behind the table and they motioned that they were okay. I thanked God that we had been lucky enough to be sitting in the back of the restaurant. The gunfire ceased as suddenly as it started and just as I thought all the commotion was over, the two remaining whores jumped up and raced towards the ladies room, but like all the rest were mowed down into raw hamburger meat before they knew what hit them. They fell down, one on top of the other and what little life they had left in them, was now completely drained. I tried to hold my stomach from erupting onto the floor and lay there motionless, waiting. I heard footsteps and looked up at four men all dressed in black with stockings over their heads, leveling sub machine guns at Chris, Deb-

bie and me, the only people left alive in the room. I turned to Debbie and Chris to nod farewell and was just about to kiss my ass good bye, when I heard the pitter patter of little feet. I looked up to see a midget dressed in a cute little military uniform push his way through the four men and march right up to us.

"Stand up, with your hands on top of your heads!" he ordered with a foreign accent. Not wanting to part with the world at such a young age I did as told, and wondered if the little man would've been so brave if he didn't have four mugs with choppers to back him up. "Probably not" I whispered under my breath and looked over at Debbie and Chris who also were complying with the toy soldier's demand. Debbie gave me a "what else can we do" look and slowly put her hands on top of her head. The midget leader muttered something in a foreign tongue and two of the murderers relaxed their guns and stepped behind us. One of them pulled my hands off my head and began tying them behind my back with a thin wire that dug painfully into the skin. I glanced over at Debbie and saw the guy behind her give a hard yank to finish up the job and she winced in pain. "You stupid moron! I'd like to see you try that without your friends around," Debbie shot out fearlessly, nodding to the two butchers cradling their carbines.

The black clad thug came from behind and slapped Debbie across the face



Richard Creamer

viciously with the back of his hand and shouted in broken English "No talk!" The blonde haired beauty hadn't even winced. The little tyrant smiled approvingly. This was all Chris could take. He kneed Debbie's assailant in the groin and smashed his fist square on the mugs nose as he brought his head down. The impact of the blow sent the guy reeling back, blood spilling out from underneath the nylon stocking. He tripped over the body of the shopping bag lady and landed on his ass in a pool of blood, left by the butchered old lady. Before Chris had time to turn around the assassin who had bound my hands jumped behind him and smashed Chris in the back of his head with the butt of the gun. Chris fell to the floor unconscious. Debbie tried to kneel down and comfort her lover, but she had taken one step forward when two gun barrels shoved into her gut.

"No move!" one of the gunmen yelled. By now, I couldn't tell one black clad thug from another. "A brave move, but a foolish one!" the little guy barked cynically as he marched over to the dead shopping bag lady and stared down at her mutilated body. "You try another move like that and you'll end up like your comrade," he went on to say as he gave her a gentle kick, sending her head rolling across the floor in a trail of blood. I almost fainted but just then the hopeful scream of police sirens filled the air and I perked up hoping the cavalry would arrive on time. The mad midget yelled something in Russian and the bloodied thug jumped from the floor holding his injured nose and joined the other three assassins in pushing Debbie and I out onto the street and into a waiting van. One of the guys jumped in back with us and blindfolded me before I could turn around. The van started with a lurch and we sped off, and by the way my head bounced off the side of the van I knew the driver was really pushing it. I heard our guard shuffle off to join the others up front, about 15 minutes after we started, and when I thought he was safely out of earshot I whispered over to Debbie, "You alright?" "Fine. Just worried about Chris," she replied.

Just then I felt a sharp cold jab in the ribs and someone yelled "No talk or you die." I nodded my head blindly, and the thing poking me, what I assumed was a gun barrel, removed itself. I relaxed a little and settled back against the van wall. "Christ" I thought, I finally get in a secluded spot with one of the most sought after women in the whole country and I'm blindfolded with my hands tied behind my back!" "Crap" I thought, I get all the luck!" I arched my back up and down, trying to get comfy, and I reminisced about how I first happened to meet Debbie, Chris and the band "Blondie" one drunken night about a year ago in a crumbling bar on the bowery. Drunk wasn't the word for it, asleep was more like it. I was passed out underneath the juke box dreaming about broads gone by, when a heavenly melody filled my ears. I opened one eye and gazed at the most gorgeous sight I'd seen in years.



Chris Stein

She reminded me of Lauren Bacall in "All Through The Night."

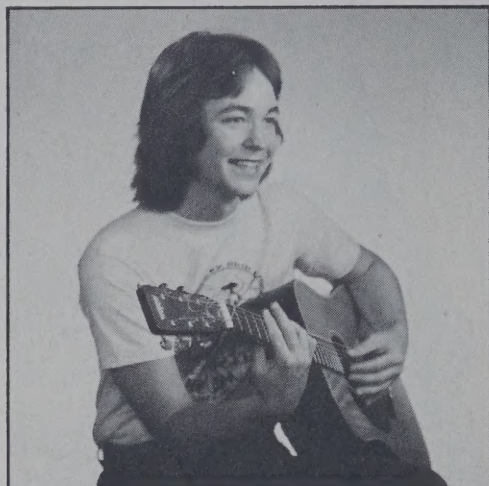
In my drunken stupor, Debbie looked like an angel from heaven with the spotlight shining down on her, creating a halo effect. She broke into one of her best numbers, "Giant Ants From Space" and as she cha cha'ed around the stage, I somehow picked myself up and stumbled closer and somehow tripped over a cord and fell into a table of greasy looking record company executives sipping champagne, knocking them to the floor. I fell towards the stage, grabbing for something to break my fall and it turned out to be Chris Stein's leg. I pulled him down with me and he bumped into Debbie, knocking her over into the drums. Chris fell on top of me in the audience and within seconds, hundreds

of screaming teenage girls dove on top of him tearing his clothes off for souvenirs.

When I finally managed to pick myself up, a nude Chris dashed from table to table, trying to borrow a table cloth to cover himself, Debbie was stuck in the bass drum, while Clem Burke, Gary Valentine, and James Destri stood by, trying to help her out. Over at the overturned record company table, a fist fight broke out with the exec's and some young punks they fell into, and in other corners of the sleazy bar, all hell was breaking loose. I snuck out the back door not wanting to associate with these lowlifes any longer and hid in my apartment for about a week.

to be continued.

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